ELIZA,

A

NOVEL:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MRS. YEATES,

Daughter of the late HOLLAND COOKSEY, ESQ.

Of BRACES LEIGH, in the County of Worcester.

"Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
"Nature her debt, than disappointed live;
"With each new sun, to some new hope a prey,
"Yet still to-morrow, falser than to-day."

HOM. OD.

VOL. I.

Lambeth:

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MVSEVM
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DEDICATION.

TO

THE AMIABLE AND HUMANE

MRS. BLAND,

Of Ham-Court in the County of Worcester;

AND TO ALL

" YE, who have tasted the delight to give,
" And God's own agent, bids the wretched live;
" Who, the chill haunts of desolation seek,
" Raise the sunk heart and flush the fading cheek."

MOORE'S SENSIBILITY,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

AS A SINCERE, HOWEVER HUMBLE MARK

OF THE ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE

ENTERTAINED

BY

THEIR OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

FLUTTERING, like the poor moth just emerging from the aurelia, I obtrude my unlettered Tale on a generous and impartial Public, tremblingly alive to all the fears which the first attempt naturally excites.

Spare me! Oh! ye critics! let not your severities damp a genius, whose only merit (if any you allow) arises from distress.

To induce you to be lenient, know, that I am young, unfortunate, and a female;---therefore boast not scholastic learning, pompous elocution, nor well-turned periods; but in plain untutored language, recite a Tale, which will tell a feeling heart, that fiction alone does not guide her pen.

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ELIZA.

CHAP. I.

BORN with virtues and graces which placed her above the rest of her sex, ELIZA was the darling of her family, whose situation in life was above mediocrity; far removed from the dissipation of a court, their peaceful nights and pleasant days, were unembittered by care.

But who can dream of events to come? Oh ELIZA! little can you imagine what ill-fated destiny awaits thee! thou art now

the child of prosperity, the world is to thee a gay *partere*, beautiful to the eye are its delusive attractions.

Beware! Be cautious! suffer not your mind to be elated by any apparent good, for though thy friends buz around thee like flies on a ſummer's day, yet the chill blights of adversity may come; then will they fly away like leaves before the autumnal blast.

ELIZA had never known affliction but once, and that, indeed, was unutterable anguiſh; ſhe had caught the last ſigh of a tender mother; direful as such a loss must prove to a feeling heart, (and of that description was ELIZA's!) yet, as she was young, the tenderness and affection of her father soon removed the grief occasioned by it. For, in childhood, though grief, at the instant may be as poignant to our feelings as in our more advanced years, yet it does not make so lasting an impression.

Youth, like wax, easily receives an impression, and as easily it may be effaced.

The tender care of her father, *Sir Edward Mortimore*, had, in five years, erased from his amiable daughter, all grief; the remembrance only remained, that she had had a mother, who implanted in her heart the seeds of piety: and that the small *ſtill voice* would soothe her in the day of adversity, which ought more to be prized than the allurements of pleasure and the gratifications of pride.

This lesson sunk deep in her heart, and she could not but sometimes regret the loss of such maternal care and advice, as had been so liberally bestowed on her. Time could not obliterate from a mind of so much sensibility, that "*such things* "*were, and were most precious!*"

Sir Edward being at this time in a declining state of health, occasioned by the anxiety of parting with his only son,

who had but a short time before set out on his travels, accompanied by the son of his banker; by the advice of his physician, he went to Bath in company with his daughter and niece.

ELIZA, who, till now, had lived in the country, and had not returned from school, was quite rejoiced at the thoughts of this journey; pleasure danced in her eyes, and fluttered in her youthful bosom, when they set out from the old seat at *Golden Grove.*

When they entered the gay town, "Surely," said ELIZA, "this is the Ely-"sium we read of!" little thinking that in this place she would meet with events that would tinge her future life with misery.

Our young companions soon began to partake of the pleasures of the gay world; and as they were well introduced, they entered into all the amusements pro-

posed to them by their acquaintance. The dissipation and gaiety they now became engaged in, threw aside all reflection, and they had no time to think of what had, and of what might happen.

The gay *Helen Harcourt*, (that was the name of her cousin,) who was ever the first to enter into any party of pleasure proposed; and to which the young and thoughtless resort, would never go unaccompanied by ELIZA, who was less fond of public amusements.

" Pleasures, the sex. as children birds pursue,
" Still out of sight, but never out of view."

The two cousins were lovely in person, and informed in mind; but of dispositions quite opposite.

ELIZA was all tenderness, timidity, and delicacy, which betrayed itself by the blushes that overspread her countenance, to which heaven had given its most enchanting expression.

Helen, though not quite so beautiful as her cousin, yet had fine expressive eyes, which, though lively and penetrating, yet told she was the child of sorrow; though, from the volatility of her manners, and the eagerness with which she sought every amusement, an unthinking observer would have taken her for the daughter of *Thalia*.

At one of the families where our fair cousins were introduced, they met a *Mrs. Howard*, a lady of singular merit, whose placid countenance beamed with the sweetest expression. She became enchanted with the manners and conversation of ELIZA and *Helen;* and from seeing them frequently, she entertained a high and flattering, though not unjust, opinion of their merits. Oftimes she would gaze on ELIZA, and with tears in her eyes would press her hand, and say, " *May Heaven take you under its peculiar* " *care, and preserve you from the rocks*

" *and quicksands! Loveliness like yours,*
" *is ever in danger in this deceitful*
" *world!*"

Such conversation as this, and the distaste she so often expressed for this life, made our young friends anxious to know what had given her so great a dislike for this world, which to them bounded with enchantments. They determined, however, the first opportunity, to ask her, as delicately as possible, what events in her life could cause so much unhappiness as seemed to prey on her mind, for which purpose they visited her on the next day. She did not hesitate to satisfy their curiosity, but promised she would give them to read a few sketches, of a life made irksome to her by misfortunes; which she had written for the perusal of a dear daughter, whom, when an infant, was taken from her by a cruel parent, and placed in a convent, the name of which she never could learn; yet, as she hoped,

that at her death all past conduct would be forgotten by her cruel relation, she had no doubt, but they would have them together with her picture, the only memorials she could leave, conveyed safe to her daughter, as they were written for her instruction, and to guard her against those shoals, on which her mother had been wrecked.

ELIZA.

CHAP. II.

AFTER some further conversation on topics too trifling to mention, our young friends reminded *Mrs. Howard* of her promise; which she soon brought them, with strict injunctions not to trust it into the hands of any other person, at the same time advising them to learn from it the same caution she wished her daughter to observe. It ran nearly as follows.

" *To my much loved* JULIET.

" *MY DEAR CHILD,*

'*A FOND mother, led on by a* 'delusive *hope, that these lines may one day* 'reach *you, and supposing that you may be* 'interested *in the fate of that mother who is so* 'tenderly *attached to you. I write them for* 'your *information, and that they may prove* 'a *warning to guard you against the impe-* 'tuosity *of temper and romantic turn of mind* 'that *led me on to ruin.*

'*At the age of seventeen, until then my* 'life *had been one uniform ſcene of delight,* 'I *was taken from school and brought home to* 'an *old aunt and grandfather, (my father* 'and *mother died in my infancy,) who adored* 'and *flattered me. Without vanity, I pos-* 'sessed *those graces which made me attractive,* 'and *accomplishments which they had been la-* 'vish *in bestowing on me, as they intended* 'to *make me heiress to all their property.* 'They *introduced me into the most fashionable*

'circles, of which I soon became an ornament;
'several eligible offers were proposed, but being
'of a romantic turn of mind, I thought I must
'fall in love ere I formed an engagement,
'and my but too indulgent relations permitted
'me to reject them.

'As no one of my admirers were capable of
'inspiring me with those violent emotions my
'ardent turn of mind, and favorite authors
'taught me to expect the man destined for my
'husband, I should feel, I waited in anxious
'expectation for the object that was to inspire
'me with such regard.

'Heaven had him in store, and it was not
'long before he was thrown in my way.

'One morning as I was returning home
'alone, from visiting a female friend, my
'aunt being so much indisposed, that she could
'not accompany me, the horses in going down a
'hill near Hampstead, suddenly took fright,
'and hurled the carriage with rapidity to the
'bottom. I thought instant death must be the
'consequence, and being too young to meet it

'with fortitude, I gave way to the utmoſt 'deſpair.

'Terrified and agitated, I was at length 'overcome by my fears, and fainted away. 'On my returning to my ſenſes, I found 'myſelf in the arms of a young gentleman, 'who was ſprinkling my face with water from 'a brook to which he had carried me. I ſenſi-'bly felt the impropriety of my ſituation, and 'was going to withdraw myſelf; but, as if 'directed by Providence, ſentiments as irre-'ſiſtable as unaccountable, induced me to ariſe, 'and return thanks for ſo much attention; 'and I only aſked to whom I was ſo much 'indebted, and where my carriage and ſer-'vants were.

'Here I muſt indulge you and myſelf, by 'a deſcription of my deliverer, who afterwards 'became my huſband, and your unfortunate 'father.

'At that time he was only in his eighteenth 'year; a profuſion of auburn hair played in 'an artleſs manner around a countenance 'at once manly, ſoft, and intereſting. His

'blue eyes beamed with inexpreſſible ſweet-'neſs, while he looked on me with rapture; 'he was tall and elegantly proportioned, and 'there was a ſweetneſs and melody in his voice, 'which made the moſt trifling expreſſion in-'tereſting.

'In anſwer to my queſtion, which he per-'ceived I had ſpoken in an earneſt manner, he 'replied, "Madam, you are indebted to no 'one but Providence, which ſent me hither to 'your aſſiſtance! Happy to ſee you reſtored to 'life, I will conduct you whereſoever you may 'command me; your ſervants await your 'orders, but your carriage is too much broken 'to proceed, permit me, I pray, to ſend them 'for another, before you continue your journey.

'Happy with his converſation, I readily 'conſented; during the time they were abſent, 'I indulged myſelf with freely converſing 'with, and aſking of him many queſtions con-'cerning his ſituation in life.

'He informed me that he was the youngeſt 'ſon of a numerous family; that his father was 'dead, and the trifling proviſion that he was

'able to make for younger children, was very 'insufficient to support the appearance of a gen- 'tleman, as the estate was entailed; and that 'he was come to London to solicit preferment, 'and to go to India in search of fortune. 'But 'oh!' continued he, 'Miss Melworth,' for 'the servants had told him my name, 'Since 'I have seen you, abrupt as this declaration 'may be, I have no other wish, than to be of 'service to you; to shield you from danger, 'and protect you from insult, would make 'the charm of life. I expect not, I flatter 'not myself, that I can excite in your bosom 'any favorable sentiment towards me; but 'mine for you, I must, and shall continue to 'feel, until time shall have laid his iron fangs 'upon me, and the cold grave have received me 'within its narrow cell.'

'I could not but listen with pleasure, 'though I feared that his very limited fortune 'would be an hindrance to my relations re- 'ceiving him as a suitor. However, I pro- 'mised to mention him in the highest terms; 'the great sense I had of the obligation I was 'under to him, for the service he had already 'rendered me. In the abundance of my gra-

'titude, I could ſcarce refrain from ſaying, that 'the life he had preſerved, could only be deſira- 'ble, if ſpent with him.

'He preſſed me in the moſt earneſt manner 'to meet him the next day, that he might 'indulge himſelf with the pleaſure of ſeeing 'that I was recovered.

'The carriage was now in ſight, which 'made me haſtily withdraw my hand, which 'my illneſs had been a pretext for his keeping, 'and which he continually preſſed to his boſom.

'On taking leave, he made me promiſe to 'meet him the next day; which, though I 'knew improper, I ſtill felt an anxiety to do, 'as he had inſpired me with thoſe ſentiments I 'had hitherto been a ſtranger to.

'On my return home, I related my ſtory 'ſimply as it was; though I told not the ſen- 'timents my youthful deliverer had expreſſed 'in my favor. My kind, my affectionate re- 'lations, heard all I ſaid of him with pleaſure, 'and they endeared themſelves ſtill more to me, 'by the encomiums they laviſhed on my de- 'liverer.

'*But when I mentioned the name and fa-*
'*mily of this gentleman, my grandfather*
'*ſtarted from a reverie, the information ap-*
'*peared to have thrown him into; and with*
'*ſeeming agitation ſaid,* '*Would to God you*
'*had found a preſerver in any one whoſe name*
'*had not been ſo deteſtable as* Howard!'

'*Know, my child, continued he, that his*
'*father was my profeſſed enemy; through his*
'*vile machinations, I loſt my election for the*
'*county of Carmarthen, from which æra, I*
'*date all the misfortunes which you know I*
'*have ſuffered; therefore, offend not my ears*
'*with the deteſtable ſound of that name; for,*
'*had he ſaved you from death! nay, perdi-*
'*tion! he being of ſo deteſtable a family, I*
'*would eraſe from my memory the ſenſe of the*
'*obligation I ſhould otherwiſe feel, for the*
'*preſerver of my child.*'

'*Almoſt diſtracted by ſuch a prohibition, I*
'*had nearly diſcovered the regret I felt at not*
'*being permitted to converſe on the only topic*
'*that now intereſted me; but I had policy*
'*enough to conceal my feelings from my rigid*
'*grandfather.*

'*Soon after this converſation was ended, he* '*called me to him, and taking me by my hand,* '*bade me good night. But alas! how ſudden* '*had my affections changed! How little do* '*we feel all ſuch attentions, when once we have* '*received thoſe of a lover! and that lover* '*too, "all that painting can expreſs, or* '*youthful poets fancy when they love."*

'*I ſoon after retired to my room, hating* '*my grandfather for his malicious conduct to* '*my* Henry, *and adoring him ſtill the more.* '*Love, to young minds, is too often thought* '*ſtill more enchanting, where difficulties ap-* '*pear to bar its pleaſing proſpects, and inſur-* '*mountable ones ſeem to have oppoſed our* '*union.*

'*Love had made ſo fatal a progreſs in my* '*boſom, that I gloried in having it in my* '*power to prove to my* Henry, *that had I* '*father, grandfather, and relations, as nume-* '*rous as the grains of ſand on the ſea ſhore,* '*I would have forſaken them all for one look* '*from his beloved eyes; which had enſnared* '*me by their mute enchanting eloquence.*

'I was caught like the poor bird, which is 'attracted by the pretty ſhrub, and, like her, 'ſaw not the fatal ſnare the cunning fowler 'had there laid, to retard her flight; like her, 'I fluttered, but not like her, to be releaſed; 'but was pleaſed with my confinement, and 'thought I could wiſh for no other heaven than 'his ſociety.

'You will not wonder then, that I flew to 'him at the appointed hour; he was there, and 'ſaid and looked unutterable things!'

'Intoxicated with the language of love, 'which, until that day, I had never heard, I 'forgot there was any one on earth to whom 'I was dear, but this enchanter! He conjured 'me to meet him every day, which I incau-'tiously acceded to; and in one little week, 'not only promiſed to give him my hand, but 'would have ſuffered inſtant death, to have 'given him a moments relief, had he aſked, 'and with a ſmile have complied.

'In this ſituation, and overpowered by the 'perſuaſions of the adored object, I forgot all 'the rigid dictates of prudence, and had nei-

'ther inclination or power to reſiſt him. 'He fixed the day and hour that he was to tear 'me from the protection of my much loved 'friends, whom from my infancy had ſhewn 'me more than parental affection; which, 'without conſideration, I acceded to, and only 'looked forward for with anxiety.

'The evening which I had promiſed to leave 'N.——— I felt a chillneſs which ſeemed to 'chide me for the ingratitude I was going to be 'guilty of, and my dear relations appeared to my 'agitated mind, to take a more than common 'farewell, when they bade me good night, at 'which I trembled, and turned pale. 'My Juliet,' 'ſaid they, 'You are unwell; ſleep, my love, will 'reſtore to you your wonted health, which this 'ſultry day ſeems to have robbed you of.' Oh 'God! What were my feelings at this inſtant? 'The trial of my firmneſs was now come; and 'the moment was juſt arrived, when, by one 'undutiful ſtep, I was to bring the grey hairs 'of my more than parents, with ſorrow to the 'grave!

'They who had nouriſhed me from my earlieſt 'infancy, and looked on me as the only comfort

'of their declining years, and whoſe hour glaſs 'had juſt run out; and I who ought to have 'watched it, and paid the tribute of a tear to 'every grain that ſlitted from it, in return for 'the many anxious tender moments they had ſpent 'for me, and to reward them for all their kind-'neſs, was about to leave their parental roof, 'to give myſelf to one whom I had known but a 'few days.

'Such thoughts as theſe had determined me 'to decline my intended elopement; but contraſting 'with them the more tender thoughts of my lover, 'ſoon put aſide all prudent reflection. Let not 'the prudent, the grave, and the old, condemn me; 'but let them conſider, as my juſtification, though 'I cannot juſtify myſelf, that I was young and un-'experienced. 'It was becauſe I loved, and 'was a woman!'

'When I entered my room, to my bewildered 'imagination, it appeared to me like a ſepulchre; 'my bed had to me the appearance of a bier, and 'my beloved Henry, *pale and diſtorted, laid on it. 'My grandfather's words, "Sleep, my love," 'vibrated in my ears, and methought a voice 'ſaid, "Sleep no more."*

'*When theſe gloomy reflections had a little* '*ſubſided, I heard the clock ſtrike twelve, it ap-* '*peared to ſtrike with a ſolemnity peculiarly* '*awful, like a paſſing bell. Oh! would it had* '*been mine! I ſhould then have been happy!* '*and not from one raſh ſtep, have ſhortened the* '*days of my good old friends; a reflection, I* '*now ſtart at the the idea of! but I ſhould have* '*eſcaped eaſily from a world I have found a dark,* '*dark abyſs!*

'*One bright ſtar ſhed its benignant influence* '*for a ſhort time, it glimmered, it ſunk, and* '*vaniſhing, left me to gloom ſtill more horrid!* '*for having once been bleſt with brightneſs ſo* '*alluring.*

'*While I was thus meditating, the ſound of a* '*flagelet, the ſignal we had agreed on, rouſed me* '*from my reverie. With trembling ſteps I ap-* '*proached to open the door. All was ſilent.* '*The high tall trees which ſurrounded N.———* '*caſt a gloomy ſhade, which prevented me ſeeing* '*my lover until he ſeized me by the hand, and in a* '*voice, the muſic of which had found but a too eaſy* '*acceſs to my heart, addreſſed me in its wonted* '*deluſive ſtrain of tenderneſs, and bade me haſten,*

'as there was lights in the houſe, and we ſhould 'be diſcovered by longer delay.

'On repeating theſe words, he flew with me 'acroſs the lawn into the road, where he had a 'chaiſe waiting, and handing me quickly into it, 'he ſprung by my ſide, ſeizing me in his arms, in 'an ecſtacy he cried, 'You are mine beyond the 'powers of fate to part us.'

'The horſes, as if deſirous to obey the 'dictates of his will, fled with unuſual ra- 'pidity.

'A ſudden ſhower of tears was all the an- 'ſwer I made to a rhapſody I thought ſo ill- 'judged.

'The moon, which, until this moment, had, as 'if directed by Providence, hid herſelf behind 'a cloud, now ſhot forth her mild radiance with 'all its brightneſs, and ſhewed to me my beloved 'Henry; who, on ſeeing my tears, put me gently 'from him, and ſuddenly turning pale, he ſaid in 'a low voice, 'Does my Juliet weep, or rather 'does Miſs Melworth repent her condeſcenſion? if 'ſo, I muſt then bid her adieu for ever.' 'On

'saying which, he gave orders for the carriage to 'ſtop.

'How weak is woman! and how well do men 'know how to work on their ſenſibility!

'No ſooner was there the leaſt ſhadow of my 'parting with him, than I ſeized his hand, and 'with tenderneſs I was unable to ſuppreſs, I con-'jured him not to leave me, and told him, my 'heart, my ſoul, was his, and death alone ſhould 'part me from him.

'As ſoon as theſe words had eſcaped my lips, 'he ordered the poſtillion to drive on, and with 'raptures embraced me. I bluſhed at the un-'reſerved and expreſſive manner with which I had 'ſpoken; yet the words flowed from a heart 'poſſeſſed with too much ſenſibility, and fraught 'with an affectionate tenderneſs for him, which 'I had neither the wiſh or inclination to con-'ceal.

'We ſoon arrived at Harwich, where we em-'barked for the continent, his tender care during 'a tedious paſſage, endeared him ſo much to me, 'that I did not even once regret my leaving N——.

'*Soon after our arrival, we were united.*
'*But alas! it was an ill-omened marriage.*

"No saffron robe for us the Godhead wears,
"His torch inverted, and his face all tears."

'*Love alone shewed his cherub face, and*
'*smiled on our union; but soon, too soon, we*
'*found it was not by love alone we could insure*
'*happiness; but that fortune ought equally*
'*to attend us when we aim at so great a*
'*blessing.*

'*My grandfather, to whom I had fled imme-*
'*diately on my return, to ask forgiveness for the*
'*rash step I had taken, shut his doors against me,*
'*and said he had made a solemn vow never to*
'*forgive me.*

'*The next day he sent me my jewels, and*
'*many other valuables, with which he sent word,*
'*as he had given when he considered me his*
'*child, he would not now take from me, they*
'*might, probably, keep me a short time from want,*
'*which he knew I soon must come to; and that*
'*no consideration should ever induce him to think*
'*on me more, while I lived with* Mr. Howard,

'whom I had thought proper to call my husband, 'because a few words had been read to me in a 'foreign country, and in a foreign manner, to 'decency, and further, he said, he considered me 'a girl who had acted inconsistent with delicacy, 'for forming so hasty a connection; therefore, let 'my situation be as distressing as he expected it 'soon would be, he desired I might not trouble 'him, for he never would countenance me as the 'wife of the son of his most inveterate enemy.

'I seriously felt my being totally aban- 'doned by my friends, because I expected, ere 'long, the arrival of another, who would have 'a right to claim our protection and support; 'and alas! What resourse had we? My little 'portion would soon be gone, and the little my 'poor Henry *had, was not sufficient to keep us 'from almost absolute want; and his prospects 'I had blighted by my rash inconsiderate con- 'duct. What then were our prospects! As for 'my much loved husband, he could only by one 'speaking look, tell me, he felt all my anxiety 'equally as I did, without the power to re- 'dress it.*

*'The thought of another tie on his affec-
'tions ſeemed to endear me ſtill more to him;
'had we poſſeſſed the ſmalleſt competency, (and
'our wiſhes were very bounded,) we ſhould have
'been happy, but this our unpropitious ſtars
'forbid us.*

*'Finding ourſelves thus abandoned, we re-
'turned to a lonely village, not that our pride
'was humbled, but having too much to live
'in public, and be ſpurned at by the world be-
'cauſe we were poor.*

"Not, therefore, humble thoſe who ſeek retreat,
"Pride guides their ſteps, and bids them ſhun the
"great."

*'In this retreat, I brought you, my daugh-
'ter, into the world; my* Henry *had been ſome
'time from home, therefore knew not that I
'had increaſed his cares; when he returned,
'he flew to my chamber: on ſeeing you, he
'ſnatched you into his arms, and with a greater
'degree of violence than I had ever before
'heard him ſpeak, ſaid, 'Is this lovely angel
'come into the world to tell me that I am a
'wretch? and that I have brought my adored*

'Juliet *with it to want? Oh! the very thoughts,*' 'continued he, *in tears,* 'drives me to mad-'neſs, and am I to live, and ſee you thus 'miſerable? it muſt not, it cannot be!"

'I entreated him not to be ſo haſty, and 'told him that with him I could be happy in 'any ſituation, however humble——that 'bleſſed with his dear ſociety, a cottage 'would be to me a palace, that his Juliet 'lived but to make him happy; to liſten to his 'kind voice, and ſee him ſo, was all I could 'wiſh on earth.'

'Death and diſtraction,' replied he, 'talk 'not thus. I am not worthy your regard. I 'could to you, my Juliet, a tale unfold——.'

'Saying this, he was going to leave me, 'but being amazed by ſuch ſtrange and ſingu-'lar conduct from him, whoſe manner of 'addreſſing me had hitherto been the moſt gen-'tle, ſoft, and elegantly expreſſive, I threw 'myſelf at his feet, and conjured him to call 'to mind the many tender days we had paſſed 'together. The love I had for him, and the 'unbounded confidence I had placed in him,

'when I forſook the deareſt and beſt friends I 'had on earth, to partake of his deſtiny;—that 'I was now ready to die for him, could it but 'calm his agitated ſoul.———

'To have ſacrificed ſo inſignificant an ex- 'iſtence as mine, at that moment, to ſecure 'his peace of mind, was of ſo trifling a 'conſideration, that it would not have required 'a thought.

'I further entreated him to tell me the 'cauſe of ſo much anxiety, that I might 'have ſhared it; nay, rather have borne 'it all.'

'Oh! Juliet,' *replied he,* '*your reproof I 'could have borne, but ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much 'tenderneſs, unmans me quite; thoſe tears 'betray to you that I am a coward in adverſity. 'I thought I was adamant, but I find I poſſeſs 'too much ſenſibility; a curſe on me for poſ- 'ſeſſing ſuch an effeminate virtue, when my 'Juliet ought to be ſupported by a manly 'courage.*

'What have I to do with feeling? Let it 'henceforth be baniſhed from my breaſt!

'*Riſe, hurricanes, and blow it to hell! and*
'*with it my unruly brains!*'

'*Saying this, he ruſhed out of the room;*
'*in vain I ſupplicated him to return—he*
'*anſwered me not, but rode off full ſpeed.*

'*Thunderſtruck by ſo ſtrange and ſudden*
'*an effuſion of paſſion, it was ſome time before*
'*I reached my chamber. When I was ſome-*
'*what recovered from my alarm, I beheld you*
'*my then dear babe, who, by your ſmiling*
'*looks ſeemed to entreat me to live for your*
'*ſake; then claſping you in my arms, I thus*
'*addreſſed you:*

'*Dear innocent, oh! what has become of*
'*thy father?—He is gone in this perilous*
'*night alone; made deſperate by want, that*
'*meagre fiend, acroſs yon dreary mountains,*
'*and in woods, "the nodding horror of whoſe*
'*ſhady brow threats the forlorn and wander-*
'*ing traveller.*'

'*Then thought I, what can ſuch raſhneſs*
'*mean? it cannot ſurely be*——

'Lightning ought to have fallen on my 'devoted head, for forming an idea detrimental 'to his honour.

'The hour was approaching when I was 'doomed to ſuffer more than my foreboding 'heart had ſuggeſted.

'Some few nights after he had left me, it 'was about ten o'clock, I had liſtened to every 'ſound, as I had done each night he was abſent, 'and methought I heard his voice in every wind; 'the rain beat againſt the windows, and made 'me ſtart each moment with ideal fears; but 'alas! it was not long that I was left to thoſe 'imaginary horrors, real ones awaited me. 'The maid, whom I had ſent each minute to 'the door, to look for the return of the dear 'deſerter, gave a ſudden ſhriek, on hear-'ing which, I haſtily ran to the door, and met, 'and welcomed my adored wanderer, whom I 'imagined was the cauſe.

'Gracious heavens! what were my feelings 'and ſurpriſe when I ſaw him? I ſhudder, 'even now, at the recollection of him. Pale 'and terrified he appeared before me, and in

'the same tone of voice with which he left me, 'said, 'Juliet, *I am a murderer! from this 'night I must be banished my native country. 'I have embrued my hands with the blood of 'a villain, for which I must suffer; I have no 'prospect of escaping the ignominy of a prison, 'but by becoming an exile. Yes—I forgot—I 'have another, and* Juliet, *my love, shall deter- 'mine which of the two I shall choose.*

'Know then, my firm determination, I will 'not quit England unaccompanied by you; but 'before you go, I must put you to the severest 'trial you perhaps ever experienced.

''You must leave your child, and accompany 'me, the murderer of your grandfather, for 'know, he is the villain with whose blood I have 'stained these hands, and that I glory in what I 'have done; as I have rid the world of a monster, 'who, with pleasure would have seen you, my 'adored wife, and your beloved offspring, starve 'before his eyes, without affording the smallest 'relief.

'Was such a prodigy of inhumanity fit to 'live? No!——Nor fit to die!——

'*He was only fit to be hurled down to hell,*
'*and there be tormented by fiends; and all the*
'*devils there will ſing a Requiem to me, for*
'*having conſigned him to them a little ſooner*
'*than he otherwiſe might have gone.*'

'*Grief, horror, and amazement, had for ſome*
'*time deprived me of ſpeech; and all I could*
'*ſay to him was, No power on earth ſhall tear*
'*me from my child, with it I will follow you*
'*wherever you may pleaſe to direct me.*'

'*Say you ſo, my love?*' *replied he, with a*
'*voice more calm.* '*Then I am happy, we*
'*will go to that place where no idea of want can*
'*purſue us. Where no child ſhall aſk of us that*
'*bread we have not to give.*

'*I go to prepare a reſting-place for my*
'Juliet.'

'*Hear this, ye gods, and waft me to*
'*thoſe happy regions where inſulting mortals*
'*cannot damp our bliſs!*'

'*Follow——Follow me——*' '*ſaying this,*
'*he ſnatched a piſtol, and in an inſtant, before*
'*I could reach him, fired it; the ball entered*

'*his temple, and he fell lifeleſs in my arms.*
'*Oh! do I tell it, and yet live? I ſaw my*
'Henry, *the beloved of my ſoul, expiring; I*
'*preſſed him to my boſom—would to God that*
'*that moment had been my laſt, and I ſhould*
'*not now live to tell the cruelty which fol-*
'*lowed. I ſaw the laſt look of my beloved*
'*huſband, who bleſſing me, expired.*

'*Raſh! unfortunate man! hurried away*
'*by feelings too acute, the thought of want*
'*preyed ſo forcibly on his mind, that it became*
'*inſupportable, and he could no longer ſuffer*
'*the cruel malicious cauſe of his ſufferings to*
'*exiſt without revenge, which led him to com-*
'*mit the unjuſtifiable crime of murder! The*
'*remorſe he felt at the idea of having been*
'*guilty of ſo great an act of barbarity,*
'*determined him to expiate this his only*
'*crime by a ſtill greater, by turning his own*
'*aſſaſſin!*

'*When I had loſt your dear unfortunate*
'*father, I thought no greater grief could*
'*await me; but alas! how ſoon was I deceived,*
'*you, my dear child, the only comfort I had*
'*then left, were taken from me; becauſe, as*

'I afterwards learnt, it was my grandfather's 'dying requeſt: That could you be found, you 'were to be taken from me, and ſent where I 'never ſhould ſee you more; as a puniſhment 'for my undutiful conduct.

'On theſe conditions, he bequeathed you all 'he poſſeſſed, except the ſmall legacy, he on the 'ſame condition left to me. Doating on you to 'diſtraction, it was with great difficulty I could 'reconcile to my mind ſo great a cruelty, as to 'be debarred of the ſight of you for ever. 'Yet I rather choſe to accept his bountiful be-'queſt, though he had annexed to it ſo ſevere a 'mandate, than to bring you up in this world 'of care, in indigence and miſery.

'I had known the wretchedneſs of want, 'therefore did not wiſh, by any gratification to 'myſelf, to entail it on my child; and that 'child a female! of courſe in more need of 'protection.

'He bequeathed me one hundred pounds a 'year, provided I ſhould reſign you, and ſepa-'rate from your father, (not knowing it was 'him who gave the fatal wound he had re-

ceived,) therefore, as I concealed the death of my Henry *from the guardians appointed by him, I have lived on it ever ſince, as comfortable as my diſtracted mind would permit me.*

If ever this narration of facts ſhould reach you, my daughter, let it be a warning, and guard you againſt thoſe errors I unwittingly was led into. Conſider, how from imprudence, I was compelled to reſign you, the only darling of my ſoul, into the hands of ſtrangers, to ſecure to you that independence my raſhneſs had deprived me of. Though I have, by making ſo great a ſacrifice, prevented you from ever knowing want, other evils may await you; therefore be cautious: yet there are none which lead to ſuch acts of deſperation, in but too many, as this direful calamity. Fatal experience teaches me the truth of this obſervation; therefore, rejoice at the cauſe which forced you from me! though I cannot but lament being deprived of ever ſeeing you more.

Soon after loſing you, I retired on my ſmall competency, from the world and its pleaſures, into a village in the South of France, from whence I lately returned, impreſſed with an idea that ere

'long, I might be called upon to pay nature her 'debt, and as I had determined to leave ſome 'tokens of a fond mother's regard, I thought it 'moſt prudent to return to the country where I 'had left you, and where there would be a greater 'probability of their being delivered ſafe. My 'picture, and theſe few occurrences of a life made 'wretched by the imprudence of one raſh ſtep, 'were all the legacies I could leave.

'Though years have paſſed away, time has not 'yet eraſed from my memory the miſery of want; 'but each trouble recalls it to my mind with 'equal horror, as it was a lot I had barely 'eſcaped. I

"Bear not about the mockery of woe,
"To midnight dances and the public ſhew."

'I wear it in my ſoul, where the world cannot 'ſee it. My huſband ſtill lives in my heart! I 'ſtill love him! Oft-times I imagine I ſee and 'hear him! His laſt words vibrate in my ears— 'Methinks I now ſee the blood ſtreaming down his 'lovely face; a face which was formed but to look 'into the world to be ſeen and admired, was then

'ſnatched away to be the ſweeteſt ſeraph-face in 'the hoſt of heaven!

'Such, my Juliet, *was your unfortunate fa- 'ther, whom it pleaſed heaven to deprive me of, by 'turning his own wrath upon himſelf. Though I 'loved him, and ſtill do the remembrance of him; 'yet I adviſe you to guard againſt the evil on 'which I firſt was loſt. Let not paſſion take the 'helm, when reaſon's dictates forbid; but take this 'leſſon from me, and like a ſkilful pilot, learn to 'avoid thoſe ſhoals on which your unfortunate 'mother was ſtranded; and though Providence, 'in his infinite mercy, has thought proper to pre- 'ſerve me even until now, it was only to forewarn 'you againſt a ſimilar fate.*

'I now conclude my detail, and may heaven 'guide it to you, and teach you, from it, to follow 'the paths of prudence, is the wiſh of your

Unhappy Mother,

BATH,
18th June, 1785.

J. HOWARD.

ELIZA.

CHAP. III.

WHILE *Helen* was reading this mournful account of the good *Mrs. Howard*, the gentle ELIZA frequently sighing, made observations on the goodness of characters pourtrayed through the whole narrative; and even, though innocently, as my reader may have done, railed against the decree of Providence, in allotting so much misery for one act of disobedience.

As soon as it was finished, she shed tears of compassion for the sufferings which she thought were too great for so good a woman as the amiable *Mrs. Howard.* Her friend *Helen* perceiving she was very low, rallied her into humour with the world, which this sad story had almost put her out of conceit with.

In young minds, the griefs of others make but too slight an impression, indeed I may say, it is too generally the case throughout the world, unless we are in some measure interested. Such was the case with our young companions, and they soon forgot what they had just read. Though their hearts were alive to the finest feelings of humanity, yet as they were young and beautiful, and had many admirers, the smile soon revived on their countenances; they forgot how much *Mrs. H.* had advised her daughter against too great a share of volatility, for they

entered as freely into all amusements, as if they never had met the caution.

ELIZA, who was naturally thoughtful, as soon as she was alone, began to think of, and pity poor *Mrs. H.* When her companion returned, she says, "*Helen*, "*I hope never to be in love.*" "*Nor I,*" replied she, yet, "*If ever, and that ever* "*may be near, I meet in some fair face* "*the power of charming,*" "I will turn quack doctor, and cure myself! I will promise my Adonis a kiss, which *entre nous,* if I am in love with him, will be no great punishment; if he will let me wash his face, then shall the friendly dye of the walnut prevent me from ever sighing for him more; as I was ever caught by a fair face, when I have accomplished a change in his complexion, a change in my fancy will follow of course, therefore, by this recipe, I shall be ever able to secure my repose.

"But, to turn to you, my dear, speaking of love, I fear you are far gone, or your eyes last night told tales, when the much admired Incognito appeared in the rooms.

"Do not blush! you are found guilty, and without a court-martial I condemn, and will lead you to execution myself! I am already got into the church in idea, and you are repeating the word, "I "WILL!"——that is,——be a fool all the rest of your life! I see you blushing—brides, they say, always blush; so I presume, it is a part of the ceremony, without which, the marriage is null and void. Then my pregnant fancy, (do not start, for I do not say you are just now pregnant,) sees your husband, of course, all rapture, though God knows, rapture always ends when certainty comes; and when all the pretty conversations, dying speeches, sighs, palpitations of the heart, and all the artillery of love, or rather non-

sense, is finished, and we come to the altar, then there is an alter—ation indeed!

ELIZA, who had stood silent to all this rhapsody of her friend, at length replied, "Why, my dear *Helen*, the Bath waters most certainly have got into your head, or you would not talk so wildly."

"Indeed, ELIZA," said she, "I believe they have got into my head and heart, and having no complaint, like the pigs and their companion King Bladud, I know not what effect they will have; but I fear they will only heat my fancy, and make me do wild things all the rest of my life. Oh! would to Heaven this sulphurous spring had never been found out!"

"But," replied ELIZA, "I can account for all your wild imagination may lead you to say, for I think you are the person affected; as you seem to fancy me, for love and nonsense, I believe,

are inseparable companions; however, I shall soon discover it."

"That you never will," answered *Helen*, "but I think its time we should think of dressing, as I know the handsome stranger is now in the rooms, do not blush, for I think him very charming!"

There was but too much truth in *Helen's* surmise: ELIZA had seen and been introduced to a gentleman, by name, *Eugene*, he was handsome and elegant, his manners insinuating and engaging; but he had a pensiveness which seemed to say he had known affliction; this made the amiable ELIZA more interested in his favor, she pitied him. Alas! how dangerous it is to pity! as it sometimes, nay, is very often the precursor of love; therefore the heart that feels the one, is alike sensible to both.

Pity is so soft and gentle a sentiment, that when it entwines itself around the

heart like the ivy round a tree, scarce any force can eradicate it. Love would not do half the mischief in life, were it not for this inseparable companion.

" *Love, like the false Hyena, makes*
" *its moan, and those who pity it are made*
" *its prey.*"

To ELIZA, *Eugene* was the most captivating man she had ever been acquainted with. Such was his timidity, that he had never addressed her as a lover, though plain it was he loved. Friendship alone was all he ever professed; but there was a tenderness in that friendship, which made but too fatal an impression on ELIZA's heart, before any avowal of love on his part, merited so great a treasure: the sentiments she entertained in his favor, she wished to conceal from him, the world, and almost from herself.

As *Eugene* much admired our heroine, he soon found means to be introduced to

her father *Sir Edward Mortimore*, from which time he became a frequent visitor at his house. To the old he was conversable, to the young enchanting; he danced and sung with an ease and elegance peculiar to himself.

"Whate'er he did, he did with so much ease,
"In him alone, 'twere natural to please."

In his company time glided away with cheerfulness and rapidity; but as soon as he left her, were it but for an hour, each moment appeared a year. She knew not the rapid progress her affections made, nor did she know how very dear he was to her, until one day when the gay volatile *Helen* ran into the room with a paper in her hand, and said, "My dear ELIZA, I have discovered that your much adored *Eugene* is a poet! He dropped this paper out of his pocket in the Pump-room, as he was flourishing his handkerchief out of his pocket. You know, my dear, a beau is nothing without an handkerchief, it is

their *chef d'œuvre!* I never was thoroughly captivated until I saw the handkerchief, and then the business was done, I resigned myself to my conqueror, and he led me in chains ever after; no wonder *Othello* made such a fuss about the loss of his, smothering one woman was a poor recompence, when put out of humour by so serious a loss. Our modern Beaux would have sacrificed a hundred *Desdemona's*, if they would not restore their flag of conquest; I fancy they think they are in Turkey, and that we are charmed with the sight of an handkerchief, as the women are in the Seraglio. Now ELIZA, you are ready to say, a curse on this digression; but child, do not swear even in thought, as probably your oath would not be blotted out as Uncle *Toby's* was, because you would not have a pardonable excuse for one, therefore, I again warn you not to swear, nor be impatient, for it is that impatience which is the bane of so many of us poor girls.

I promise you, you ſhall hear all in good time, you must know the prize I have found, is verses; but I have not yet had time to read them. He pressed me very much to return them to him; but as I was determined to bring them to you, his suit was in vain, he could not prevail, by all that flow of language, eloquent looks, which would have induced you to return the paper, and your heart wrapt up in the ſtanza; nothing would have got them from me but force, and he is too grave for romping.

If you will not say, what a fool *Helen* you are, for talking such nonsense, I will read them; do not endanger everlaſting flames by calling me one, as I hope ELIZA will consider, that were I not a woman, I should not be a fool; to keep you no longer in suspence, see here they are:

On the Death of JULIET.

OH! for that Muse, whose genuine sympathy
Sooths, and yet feels the pangs of bitt'rest woe!
While fond remembrance claims the friendly sigh,
And bids my tears not unaccepted flow.

" Yes, Seraph bless'd," to kindred virtues dear,
My novice hand a simple wreath shall twine,
Of mournful willow to adorn thy bier,
Whose ev'ry eloquence was thine.

" Thine too each milder grace and gentle mien,
" Which charms the equal and the lowly cheers,
" And thine that path which seeks not to be seen,
" Whose ev'ry error innocence endears.

" On parting friends the ling'ring look we cast,
" Dwell on each scene, e'er transient absence mourn;
" Not ours to hope renewal of the past,
" For JULIET leaves us never to return.

" This pleasing thought remains, when ruthless death
" Unlooked for, sudden seiz'd his destin'd prey;
" Nor fear with-held the tributary breath,
" Nor added horror to that awful day.

" Come resignation our torn hearts to heal,
" Teach us to own that cruel mandate just;
" In the fond grief humanity must feel,
" To see its fairest form consum'd to dust."

" Ye fair companions of her fleeting youth,
" My verse not blindly partial, tribute pays;
" When merit wears the splendid garb of truth,
" Let imitation be sincerest praise."

" I declare I am out of breath with reading it, I had nearly fallen asleep. Not the word *love* in the whole poem I declare; it makes me as dull as his sentimental conversation. I should like to have some verses written on me by him, just to see what he would say: he shall suppose me cruel, because it is more poetic for poets to consider their mistresses cruel than kind. What makes my ELIZA look so sad! I fear I have tired her with my raillery and nonsense; I want you to go with me to the walks, but my love you look like the lady in the enchanted chair; you want a

Comus to tell you, that, "It is for homely features to keep home, what need a vermil tinctured lip for that, love darting eyes, and tresses like the morn: there was another meaning in those gifts." The meaning is, that you came into the world to inspire mankind with love, and not to indulge in a platonic regard for your plaintive dear *Eugene*."

"Well, but" says ELIZA, "tell me, if you do not think these verses have great merit---I wonder who this *Juliet* was? I suppose she was some favorite of his."

"Oh! ELIZA, I would not be so much in love as you are, for worlds;"----says *Helen*, "but let me give you one word of advice.---Let marriage be the last mad thing you do;----but if you should be persuaded to give your hand, where you, I am sure, have already bestowed your heart, may in that moment some guardian angel attend, and suffer not a designing

villain, by base machinations to impose on you by a false marriage; for oh! ELIZA! a friend I have, the rectitude of whose mind was such, that guiltless herself, she suspected not deceit. A perfidious ungrateful monster imposed on her crudulity, and gloried in the schemes which gave her to his arms, then left her a prey to all the horrors of innocent guilt! She could not die, because she dared not rush unbidden into the presence of her Maker, by committing the crime of self-murder! she could not repent of; therefore she is forced to live a prey to all the agonies of stifled grief and shame; wonder not then at this caution from me, for this poor girl's fate is ever before my eyes: I wish I could forget it, but I fear I never shall till I am laid low in the dark and silent grave.

But what am I talking of, I seem to become for a moment quite grave, like you my dear ELIZA, for indeed this moralizing does not suit with my harum-scarum

disposition, you know I am never grave.' A heavy sigh just then escaped the seeming happy *Helen*. ELIZA's penetration saw but too plainly, that what she had often conjectured, was verified, and that her cousin had some hidden grief. She had never suspected *Helen* of any serious attachment but once, and that was just as her brother *William* had left England. She recollected, at that time, *Helen* was taken very ill, and that the nurse had told her, that during the whole time while her fever was at the worst, she talked of nothing but her cousin *William*. This circumstance never occurred to ELIZA until now; for as *Helen* and her brother were continually together, she thought it natural for them to have imbibed a regard for each other, which made her seriously feel his departure and talk of him. But from this last conversation she feared a something worse had happened, and that probably this very friend she had spoken of, was *Helen* herself, and that villain, her brother;

she was sorry to harbour an opinion so prejudicial to his honor; but as *Helen* did not choose to make her her confidant, she had too much delicacy to enter upon the subject herself.

ELIZA.

CHAP. IV.

ELIZA's conjectures in regard to *Helen* and her brother were but too well founded; for that amiable, though ill-fated girl, lived a prey to secret anguish.

She had fallen a victim to the designing arts of this dæmon in human form.--- Her person being captivating, she gained the attention of her cousin, who, being the eldest-son of *Sir Edward Mortimore*, was inducement sufficient for *Helen* to admit

his addresses. He loved her, at least vowed so, but it was not with that delicacy of sentiment which would awe the lover from injuring the object of his regard. His passion was of the blackest nature, and such as an amiable unsuspecting woman can have no idea of: it exists only in the breasts of those designing men, who, to gratify a transient appetite, would involve the innocent object that incites their desires, in all the horrors of guilt and misery, and no sooner, by their perfidy, have they accompliſhed the end of their wicked designs, than they fly from that innocence they have just betrayed, and "*Leave the ravaged province ruinate and waste.*"

Of this class was *Helen's* seducer. He made but a too easy conquest of her; his flattery was too successful; it found but too much credulity in her unsuspecting heart, and she fell a sacrifice to her simplicity, a softness pervaded her whole soul, and she could not but return his love, which to

her appeared ingenuous. She seemed born to be a victim to that passion which governs the world, not from any vile inclinations or profligacy of disposition, for delicacy and decorum marked her whole character, but, as appears, from the vile machinations of this monster.

Her acquaintance with ELIZA's brother was from her early infancy, yet she knew not his heart. Her father and mother died when she was very young, and left her to the care of *Sir Edward Mortimore* her uncle, who was thought the most proper person, as he was the particular friend of her father's, from their having served many campaigns together in America,- which had endeared them more to each other, than any tie of consanguinity; he was therefore thought the only and best person to whom he could entrust the care of an only child, to shield her from the allurements of this deceitful world, which he kindly undertook to do, not supposing, that, by

this last proof of his esteem for his dying friend, he was bringing his daughter to those very snares, her father wished her to avoid, and, he was, by this act of paternal friendship to the dear innocent girl, preparing the way to scenes that would embitter her future life.

The Colonel her father, when on his death bed, sent for his friend *Sir Edward*, to consult with him about the care of *Helen*, who was his only daughter. As soon as he saw his friend, he took his hand, and with tears streaming down the furrows of his aged warlike countenance, thus addressed him:

"My dear friend, you for the first time see an old soldier weep. It is not from any fear of approaching death---you who have seen me rush forward foremost in battle, and brave it at the cannon's mouth, know that I grieve not at any fear of the loss of paltry life; yet old and feeble

as I am, and unable to render my country any service, where can I be better quartered than in the grave! but the thoughts of leaving my dear and only child unprotected and dependant on a world like this, is what racks my very soul, and makes me to grieve, at what I otherwise should rejoice at; and that child a female too, to whom God hath given beauty, the most attracting, and probably that weakness habitual to her sex, which will render her unable to resist the temptation of designing men, who are ever upon the watch for unprotected innocence. This last thought is what disturbs my rest. But could I my brother, my more than brother, my friend, leave her under your care, with the small and only legacy I can bequeath, then should I die happy, and leave this world of care without a sigh."

Sir Edward, who with tears in his eyes, had been attentive to all that his friend had said, began to cheer him, and

begged him not think of death, or to let his daughter's situation give him any uneasiness, saying, " she should find both a father and protector in him. My house," says he, " shall be to her an asylum, so long as I may live, and at my last hour I will take care and provide for her. Then my friend do not grieve, but let us hope that providence will yet spare you to her, and that you may yet see her placed in a situation above temptation, or the crafts of designing men."

" No," says he, " *Sir Edward*, I have no hope or wish for longer life, your promise has now given all I could wish on earth. Adieu then, I now leave you, the chill hand of death approacheth quick on me." On saying these words, he expired without a groan.

Sir Edward punctually obeyed his last request; he religiously held sacred the trust reposed in him; the last words of

the good Colonel *Harcourt*, sunk deep in his breast, and *Helen*, from that instant, was almost as dear to him as his own daughter ELIZA. He paid the same attention to her education, and treated her with that paternal care and tenderness, which did honor to the feelings of his heart; he felt so much at her being an orphan dependant on his bounty, that he resolved to use an innocent fraud, and hide from her her real situation. He therefore allowed her annually, a sum sufficient to supply all her wants, and told her it was the interest of what her father had left in his hands for her use.

William Mortimore was very unlike in disposition to his generous father; he was unprincipled, vain, and deceitful, without one religious or good sentiment. There was no wickedness he would not commit, to gratify an inclination. Passionately fond of women, they were the chief objects of his pursuit; without sense, he had low

cunning---his vile schemes seemed as if they were suggested by an evil spirit, and that spirit seemed to conduct him with success, through whatever his attempts were. He hid this diabolical disposition, under an elegance of manners the most insinuating, with a face and form the most captivating. His dark expressive eyes were surpassed in beauty by none. Possessing all these allurements, it was no wonder that the innocent *Helen* fell a prey to his wiles, at the age of seventeen, and her peace of mind was lost for ever.

" Ye Nymphs, with rosy lips and radiant eyes,
" Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;"

Beware! and let the fate of this fair unfortunate be a warning how you may trust to the insidious language of men.--- Trust not to your own fortitude——

" Nor in the garden where woodbines flaunt, and
" roſes ſhed a couch,
" When evening draws her crimson curtain round,
" Trust your soft moments with betraying man."

for in one fatal moment, you may lose all that is dear to woman. "Years of remorse cannot expiate one inadvertent hour." No sooner did calm reflection come, than she tore her beautiful tresses, and kneeled at the feet of her seducer, and vowed never to rise, 'till he had performed what he had so often promised, to marry her, and quiet her agitated mind, otherwise he would appear a monster of ingratitude for all her tenderness.

He in his usual insinuating manner, requested her to calm herself, as that very day should witness their union. Then going out, he promised to return in an hour, and fulfil his contract.

Helen prepared herself for the ceremony, and in the hour he called, accompanied by a man in the garb of a clergyman, who solemnized their nuptials. He having by this, as she thought, realized all his vows; she forgave him all the

anxiety of mind his rash unguarded conduct had cost her.

But alas! poor girl, how soon was she undeceived, for in one short month, the veil was thrown off, and he appeared to her in all his villainy.

He had taken lodgings for her in the country, and scarce even left her; his attentions were so tender, that he seemed to live but in her presence. But she soon knew a change, which those alone can feel——

" Who have felt how fugitive is joy,
" That while we clasp the phantom, we destroy."

One morning he appeared unusually thoughtful, and coming hastily into her dressing room, and finding her writing, he changed colour, and said, let me see that letter you have been writing *Helen*, as probably my dear, you may do me a mischief, though unintentionally; you may

tell the person towhom you have addressed that letter, a most abominable falsehood, without knowing that it is one. You have, I must confess, been kept too long in an error, but I hope it has not been productive of any inconvenience, or caused you any embarrassment, your not knowing it sooner. My *Helen* will forgive me, as she knows there is nothing I think so great a bore as making discoveries: God knows I am no Columbus, I wish most heartily that you would fancy all that I have to say, for on my soul, *Helen*, I would not wish to give you pain. This error might have been spared, but you know the confounded fuss you made, after that foolish affair at *W*———, when to quiet your fears, I—as you thought, married you.—Would my *Helen*, it had been so! Yet I don't know how the devil it could have been in reality, as I was married long before you asked me to marry you, and I not willing to offend, particularly as you had so liberally bestowed on me that dear

enchanting person of yours. To tell you the truth, I never was deserving of real merit like yours; you are an angel, and I a fiend of hell! to have injured innocence like yours! But it is no use lamenting now the business is done, and I fear past recalling; therefore do not dim the luſtre of those beautiful eyes. Be ever my lovely, my charming *Helen*, mistress of my soul."

"Ador'd till life can charm no more."

Alarmed and astonished, *Helen* sunk lifeless on the floor, with a look that would have pierced the heart of the most inhuman savage. He caught her in his arms—but as if the touch of the villain who had injured her, even in a state of deprivation of life, seemed to contaminate her; she in convulsions, still more violent than she had already been in, sunk from his arms. Seeing her in this melancholy situation, he could not continue with her longer;—— hardened as he was, to scenes similar to

this, he felt the distraction which his despicable conduct had occasioned in the lovely sufferer: she opened not her eyes for three hours, her poor soul seemed to have taken its flight to those happy regions out of the reach of human calamity. When she recovered, it was to a sense of keener anguish; a fever was the consequence of the hurry of spirits she had been thrown into, by the conduct of this villain her seducer, which was the same I before mentioned she had, when she was said to have frequently mentioned the name of *William Mortimore*.

Helen very prudently concealed the whole of this cruel event from the world, and even from ELIZA, whom she did not wish might harbour an ill opinion of her brother; her grief she smothered, under an appearance of thoughtless volatility, which indeed was her natural character.

From the moment *William* left her, she determined never to tell *Sir Edward* of his

son's base conduct; for though he had treated her with so much cruelty, she could not cease to love him.

" 'Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
" How often must it love, how often hate,
" Despair, disdain, do all things but forget."

Though *William* had ruined her peace for ever, yet she thought she could plead an excuse for his conduct; had he not been married, he had been all my own, thought she; even for the brutal manner in which he so insulting and unfeelingly left her, she made an excuse. She fancied he did it from a good motive. He wished her to think him despicable, that she might the more easily forget him; she would sometimes think so seriously of him, that she almost forgot he had ever injured her. Her love was such, that oft she would with Heloise say—

" From opening clouds may streaming glories shine,
" And saints embrace thee with a love like mine."

Love must certainly be some kind of madness, or how could this poor infatuated

girl, bestow a thought on him, who had plunged her into such an abyss of trouble. The gnawing agony that embittered her most lively moments she strove to hide by her gaiety. Yet the amiable ELIZA whose bosom knew no thought that "Angels might not hear or virgins tell," suspected the lurking melancholy of her cousin, but not the cause, as *Helen* had but just left school, and the infantine smile had scarce ceased to dimple her round cheeks, when she was sent for home, at the time when her cousin was to set out for Italy, where his unfortunate adventures, which will be mentioned in a future Chapter, involved his unsuspecting family.

ELIZA.

CHAP. V.

IN the morning after *Helen* had brought the verses which she had found, they met *Eugene* and his friend. *Helen* in her usual volatile manner, accosted him thus: "Have you been at *Juliet's* window? was it the lark or nightingale that disturbed you so soon? I am sure, if I had been your *Juliet*, I should not let you have gone so soon, and indeed I do not suspect you to have been so wanting in gallantry, as

Romeo was, nor that you would have required your mistress to request your continuing with her, and I hope you were not obliged while with her, to the birds of the air for conversation; happy for them God created a lark and a nightingale, or they would have been at a loss what to have talked on." He blushed, and said, "No *Juliet's* could be thought on in the company of such women as ELIZA and *Helen*." "Women indeed," said she, "you have travelled to little purpose not to give a prettier epithet to heaven's last best work; but indeed, if you had finished the sentence, and called us "softer man," it would have been a soft thing from you, as you must have experience enough to know that unless we were Eiderdown, we could not for the life of us, be so soft as nine out of ten of you men are."

"Do not accuse us lovely lady," said he, taking her hand; "for if we are, it is you that are the cause; your fatal beauty, like the eyes of a basilisk allures us, but to destroy our peace and ease; no

time, no distance, can erase the glance that undoes our repose; seas may separate and mountains divide, but memory with the touches of a *Guido*, brings to our enraptured fancy the dear object, whose powerful charms are engraven in our hearts. Nay, should the cold grave in its narrow compass, have immured the loved object, even then will the soul in idea follow, and return to our powerful imaginations in all her wonted graces.——But surely I am dreaming, ladies, to entertain you thus, but I see by your smiles, you pardon me."

Poor ELIZA, whose whole soul was engrossed all the time he was speaking, now contrived to separate from her friend, and wished she knew not why to share the melancholy of her new acquaintance, whose usual taciturnity she had often remarked, bnt could not account for. Her plaintive soul mingled tears with every sorrowful expression he had uttered, with the sweetest accent, she endeavoured to divert

his melancholy. " You speak," said she " so feelingly, you surely have had some happy *Juliet;* pray tell me who she was." " Can *Miss Mortimore* make a request, which it will not ever be considered by me as the greatest happiness of my life, to comply with." Then drawing her aside, he continued, " And is it possible, that so insignificant a being as myself, is worthy a thought of yours? Ah! could I but really think you interested in my fate, there would not, my dear madam, be so happy a mortal on earth; but I cannot, dare not hope such a bliss can ever fall to my lot; but if some happier man is fixed on by the fates, or rather from your own choice, to possess in you all that is amiable, may he be as sensible of your worth as I am. You, *Miss Mortimore,* I ever considered as so much above me in rank and fortune, that I never dare suffer myself to dwell on the idea that such perfection could ever be mine, yet Heaven may be looked on, though too high to climb. I adored you

in secret, yet until this happy moment, I never could venture to be so rash as to unfold the sentiments of my heart; therefore punish me not for my temerity, by forbidding me your presence. No—that look tells me you forgive me. Avert not those lovely eyes.—Oh! they tell me more than volumes—they tell me that you more than pity me."

This conversation seemed to throw poor ELIZA quite off her guard, for though she had long wished for a declaration of this kind, yet now it really happened, she felt distressed and embarrassed. "You talk romantic," said she, blushing.— "You forget your *Juliet*."—"My *Juliet*," replied he, "she never was; while she visited this transitory world, she was deservedly beloved. If you will suffer me to relate her plaintive tale, I am sure you will drop a tear to the remembrance of a blossom, which only just bloomed, and then fell. But let us not waste these precious mo-

ments in vain regret, on this child of sorrow——let us employ them in talking of things that are of more importance to us than any other subject at present.

"I, my dear ELIZA, must tell you," continued he, "that the first instant I saw you, was the moment I learned the real value of life—ever since, it has passed like a dream, as I have been blessed by the sight of you every day. But now we must part, and I fear for so long, that you will forget me; but I am summoned by a dying parent, or I could not leave the place that held my dearest ELIZA. I am going too far, and my delay may be too long for me to expect you can retain the least spark of affection for me; but I——" Here his voice soon faultered, and a sudden paleness overspread his countenance. ELIZA startled by so sudden a change in his features, and the incoherency of his language, (as she did not understand his meaning when he talked of parting) could

no longer conceal her tenderness. Her usual caution forsook her, and gently pressing his hand, which had held hers during the whole of his conversation, she said, "*Eugene*, you have long possessed my esteem, and could I think you do, and still would continue to love me, I would tell you what no other can boast of ever having heard from my lips. That is, that I more than esteem you—that I love you, which no power on earth could have prevailed on me to confess, were you not on the eve of leaving me as you say, and for a long time!"

Eugene confused by this liberal confession of ELIZA's, was unable to answer for some time; at length seeming to awake to more poignant feelings, he replied, "Is it from my ELIZA I hear that enchanting word, or is it my imagination? Much as I have wished it, yet now I have gained it, I feel as a robber, who after long sleepless nights, and anxious days of plots and plans

to gain the wished for treasure, yet when he meets and entraps the unsuspecting object, and obtains his utmost wishes, his heart shrinks, his frame trembles, and would, did he possess them, give worlds to be the same forlorn creature he was before; I am that robber, and you that treasure—I a poor wanderer in this world of care; saw, and loved, and, shall I confess to you, that a softness in those speaking eyes told me my attention were not unpleasing; I have robbed you of your affection—would I could give you the universe in return! ELIZA, what distresses me most, is, that I am poor; this idea plunges me into an abyss of woe, which even the enchanting words I have just heard, cannot raise me from, though they are words which will vibrate in my ear in that awful moment, which I fear will soon approach.

" I am a forlorn creature, the little merit I possess, camelion like, I caught

from you; yet, were I even so vain, as to fancy myself not devoid of every thing praise-worthy in my character, reflect, that in these days,

" If regard to sense or worth be shewn,
" That poor degenerate child her friends disown,"

" Would not ELIZA regret having given up the good opinion of all her friends, and the many conquests, beauty like hers, must each hour gain, for a poor, an unfortunate wanderer?—Your father is coming, and I dare not see him, for he would read in my countenance the distresses of my heart. Take these lines, and read in them sentiments you have inspired in a heart all your own, they have no merit but the truths they contain;"—then tenderly bidding her adieu, he hastily left her. On her father's coming up to her he asked her why *Eugene* so abruptly left her?—" He was suddenly said she, taken ill," " indeed I fancy he has not in very good

health,"—" I rather think," said her father, " that he has something on his spirits; but my dear ELIZA, breakfast has been waiting some time for you, I have sent all over *Bath* for you, without my ELIZA, my darling child, I am wretched; my declining years require a daughter's care, your sainted mother left me you to soothe the languid hours of pain; and of late, my ELIZA seems to avoid the company of her father." ELIZA felt this reproach; *Eugene* occupied all her thoughts, though her father she honored, yet she loved *Eugene*, and the instant she escaped from the breakfast-room, she read the lines *Eugene* had given her; they were as follows:

VERSES

Addressed to ELIZA MORTIMORE.

ELIZA, guard thy tender heart,
From flat'rers' soft deceitful tongue;
Nor let the voice of truth depart
Unheeded from an artleſs tongue.

No tale have I, to charm thine ear,
No eloquence, alas! have I,
My tale is but a ſimple tear
And all my eloquence a ſigh.

But I've a cottage in a vale,
With quiet and with plenty bleſt;
Where oft I've heard the ſtranger's tale,
And welcom'd every wand'ring guest.

Nature, dear girl, alas! is frail,
And ſhould thy form with ſickneſs bend;
Then will this breaſt, in yonder vale
Partake thy woes, and comfort lend.

There would I nurſe thy aching head,
When old and feeble thou wer't grown;
And when thy beauties ſhall have fled,
Would love thee for thyſelf alone.

ELIZA, calm that brow of care,
And let me not in ſorrow pine;
Believe me, you can never ſhare,
A ſoul ſo full of love as mine.

When ELIZA had read the verſes, ſhe began to reflect on what had paſſed,

her heart fluttered, her bosom was agitated with sensations she had never before experienced; yet she knew not why. She then began to reason with herself thus: "Alas!" said she, "Where is all my boasted prudence fled? but a few moments ago I was high in my own opinion, and now how am I fallen!—I have confessed I love, and though I do esteem *Eugene*, and even love him better than all the world, yet I think I should not have told him so—for man, ungrateful man, no sooner gains a conquest, bu the feels a degree of pride that induces him, but too often, to triumph in the discovery; but it may not be so with *Eugene*. If he should despise me for the weakness of my heart now it is all his own—why—I will still love him!" these last words she happened to speak aloud just at the instant *Helen* opened the door, "Is it *Eugene*," says *Helen*, "you mean to honor with this ſtill love? Heaven and earth, my dear ELIZA, I never knew this kind of love

which you call *still love!* the only love I have ever been acquainted with, has been all tumult! all distraction! I know nothing of stillness, only I feel that I am still—still a fool.

"Well, but to be serious for a moment, if I can, indeed I am very ſimple to run on with such nonsense, when I have an affair of so much importance to relate; I was unwilling to alarm you, by coming in with a serious face, though indeed it would have better suited the errand I am sent on to you."

"*Helen*, you really do alarm me," replied ELIZA, in a trembling tone of voice, "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Alas! my dear," replied she, "we must leave *Bath* to-morrow."——"To-morrow!" repeated ELIZA, "Oh! that to-morrow! But what can this mean?"

"I cannot, or at least I will not tell you," replied *Helen*, "Your father sighed when he told me, and desired me only to prepare you for the event, by breaking it to you by degrees. I believe, my dear, we are not to return to *Golden-Grove*, unforseen events have determined your father to quit *England*, and take refuge in a foreign country. Pecuniary distress, I fear, is the cause, as I understand the banker with whom a considerable part of his fortune was lodged, has failed, in short, the whole house is in confusion; but be not alarmed, for while we are with your good father, we must be happy, happy indeed, wherever fickle fortune may drive us, to share the fate of so benevolent and kind a friend and parent. Let us put aside glooom, that by our soothings we may make him happy, and forget the sufferings it has pleased heaven to send."

No argument could calm the tumult occasioned by this intelligence in ELIZA's mind. Her father's situation in being obliged to leave England, the place which he had so long been endeared to, was a thought so distressing, that it filled her heart with sorrow, and made the tear start from those bright eyes, that never before had bedewed her rosy cheek from such misfortune.---" Alas !" said she " then my days of bliss are gone ! Oh ! cruel fate, why hast thou thus afflicted us ? Are we never, never more to return to those happy shades of *Golden Grove ?* Am I never more to visit that tomb which holds the dear remains of a much loved parent, whose ideal form I have so often gazed on, and whose plaintive look seemed as if it bade me be comforted, and that she would meet me in those happy realms, where no care can intrude."----Then with uplifted eyes, she continued, " Oh ! my much loved mother, your ELIZA is now going to leave the country, made sacred by your

relics. If spirits have a knowledge of things on earth, tell me to think that this seeming hard fortune is meant by the all-wise disposer of events, only as a trial of my resignation to his will;" appearing more resigned, she turned to her friend, and said "Haste, *Helen*, to my dear father, tell him, that his ELIZA will accompany him to whatsoever place chill poverty may order, and there with the gentle offices of filial love, will sooth his aching heart; that with him I will wander in dreary wilds to seek an hospitable retreat, though to the den of wolves and tigers: even they will give us a more kind reception than man, they will but devour us, and thereby relieve us from this world of woe. But man, still more cruel, will look cold, and shut their doors against us, and leave us to perish with hunger. And is it not far better to be instantly annihilated by animals, without reason to guide them, than to linger out a miserable existence among fellow creatures, who have the

power to assist, without the inclination; my blood freezes, when I think these hands must earn a paltry livelihood, and all the horrors want may bring to me; a woman bred up by the tenderest of parents, accustomed to the superfluities of life, must be degraded, by earning by needle-work, a wretched subsistence, or submit to the still more degrading overtures of the vicious affluent; to these miseries does want reduce a female. But where is my father? Tell him I am both ready and willing to attend him, and to share his fate, however humble it may be; that I am yet his kind and affectionate daughter, and though reverse of fortune may change other friends, it shall only render him still more dear to his ELIZA." Then throwing herself on a chair, she wept in the deepest anguish---in a few moments she started---- "*Eugene*, my loved *Eugene*, I must part with for ever! and he, I fear, has an interest in my heart, which time can never eradicate. I would that I could see him,

e'er we depart, but that I fear is impossible." If such were the feelings of ELIZA, what must be those of *Helen*, when she seriously thought of going to where she might meet again her still dear *William Mortimore*.

Hope and fear alternate rising----the thoughts of France caused her heart to flutter. The perfidious *William* she still loved; the violence of her first passion had been chilled, but not extinguished! Like sudden damp on burning embers, though it lessens the present flame, only causes it to burn more bright and lasting.

CHAP. VI.

IN a few weeks our family party embarked for the continent, the adverse winds they encountered, much terrified our young friends.—Adverse would they have considered any wind which drove them from their native soil.—ELIZA was particularly thoughtful, the last words of *Eugene* preyed so forcibly on her spirits, that she could not help repeating them, though even in the midst of danger.

" I will follow you to the end of the world, and find you, though you should hide yourself in caverns where human foot never trod."

Then turning to her friend *Helen*, she said, " Suppose I should die, for I am very sick, he could not then find me." " Do you mean sea sick, or love sick," said *Helen*, in her usual spirits. " God bless me, why did we not think of dressing the poor despairing *Eugene* in Fanny's cloaths, he would have made the prettiest *Fille de Chambre* imaginable; it would have prevented this sobbing and sighing. Do not blush, my dear, for there is no one nigh, (more the pity) to admire rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, not that your eyes sparkle much now, for they look like the sun on a winter's day, when it just peeps out to tell us that it will not always rain; to divert your melancholy, I will tell you a story which the Captain of the ship has just been telling me. He

says it was told him by a particular friend of his, who had seen the facts, as his plain narrative relates, it even made me cry, yet I will venture to tell it you, that you may know how many there have been, and are, whose lots are much harder than yours.——It is briefly thus:"

'As this friend of the captains sat 'one day in a coffee-house in *London*, he 'saw a pale and meagre person, in a 'military dress come into the coffee-'room, whose figure, face, and mein 'evinced a gentleman; yet poverty con-'tracted his countenance, and a succes-'sion of deep sighs, while he traversed 'the room, shewed that his heart suffered 'under severe melancholy; he at length 'leaned on the bar, and whispered the 'mistress, a good-natured creature, she 'instantly courtesied with a degree of 'respect, that induced him to think that 'he had mistaken the index of this 'officer's mind, and that instead of want-

'ing relief, (notwithstanding his appear-
'ance,) he had been conferring an obli-
'gation. On quitting the bar, and taking
'his seat, the mistress ordered a pot of
'coffee and toast to the table where he
'sat, his eyes seemed to sparkle at the
'sight, and the toast was instantly de-
'voured with a degree of avidity, that
'indicated the keenness of actual want,
'more than of wholesome appetite.—
'The first plate being devoured, the mis-
'tress ordered a second, the waiter soon
'brought it, and laid it on the table with
'a look the most pitiable: the officer with
'tears in his eyes, seized the toast, the
'waiter wiped his eyes with a napkin,
'and the mistress of the coffee-room
'drawing up her breath sighed it out in
'a tone so soft, so tender, and so sweat,
'as harmonized the nerves of those who
'heard her, to that delightful unison of
'pity that is only felt when the finger of
'charity touches the sympathetic chord
'of the heart.

'The officer having finished his 'breakfast, and taken leave of the hos- 'tess at the bar, an impulse, which cer- 'tainly was not curiosity, induced the 'captain's friend to enquire after his 'name and situation.—With these particu- 'lars the mistress was not acquainted, 'she had never seen him before, nor 'did she know any thing of him, but that 'he had ordered a breakfast at the bar, 'and had assured her that he would call 'and pay for it on some future day; and 'that she had requested he might con- 'stantly call and breakfast or dine at her 'house on credit," and said she, "he is 'welcome, though that day should be the 'day of judgment." "When that day 'comes," replied he, "you will hear of 'this, you have done that which will 'stand on account, and gain you credit in 'the book of fate. If your sins are even 'numerous, your charity hath covered 'them all;—but let us see," said he, "if something more cannot be done

'for this poor officer."—Then taking 'some money from his pocket, said, 'lend him those few guineas, should 'he call again, as if coming from your-'self."

'The next day he called and received 'the cash, but was never heard of for six 'years afterwards, about which time the 'captain's friend happened to call at the 'same coffee-house, and on making some 'enquiry about this officer. The good 'hostess informed him that the same officer 'then ensign, now lieutenant colonel, had 're-paid her the sum lent, and all other 'demands; and he had given her a 'diamond ring worth one hundred pounds, 'by way of interest.'

"If this my dear be true," continued *Helen*, "how happy ought we to be whose situations are so much better than this poor officer's. We ought not to sob and sigh, but to be satisfied in whatever station we are thrown, while we can flatter ourselves,

that, that same providence which carried this officer through all his distress, will equally befriend us. No more sighs, no more grief, but think of what you have just heard, and how much more happy you even now are, than was he, while he patiently bore it, for which he has been rewarded."

ELIZA, who still was lamenting her own fate, sighed, and said---" *Helen*, how can you be telling such mournful tales; it only reminds us of the miseries of want, and cannot have the desired effect of making me philosopher sufficient, to think so lightly on my own situation, but only tells of the great wisdom of providence, in punishing us all in a different way, that we each feel the force of his power, according to our deserts, and for aught you know, we may soon be in the same situation as that poor officer; but probably with this difference, that we may ſtarve through pride, rather than make our wants known.

For my own part, should I ever be thrown in the same situation as was this poor man, before I could have brought myself to ask for a breakfast, I think I should rather wish to hasten the end of a miserable existence from a world, which the sooner I then quitted the better, for in my opinion the grave to the wretched, would be a kind and hospitable retreat, as in that quiet peaceful asylum, there are no cares, no wishes, no dread of want, nor fears of ſtarving."

"Do not sigh, my love," says *Helen*, "or I never again will rack my poor brain with remembering any tales, if my ELIZA is so much affected; indeed you mistake me, for I only wished to divert your melancholy; however to change the subject, I will start from prose to verse, and try if by that I can amuse you. You muſt know my dear, for the want of company, or something to do, some evenings ago I courted the muses, and indeed had I been

a man, I would have kissed them all, to have made them inspire and lent me their aid in the little poetical fragment I have been writing. I fear it wants feet---or at least that it is not sprightly enough to run away with the hearts of the readers; but I hope if it should want feet, that you will not want ears to hear, and attention to listen, while I read it.

" I am a weary pilgrim,
" And yet must tread this stage;
" What should a pilgrim have to do
" In this degenerate age?
" But each must act their part,
" The beggar, king, and I;
" And all we have to learn,
" Is how to live and die.

" Then life and death's my theme,
" I'll those alone pursue;
" And teach them how to live and die,
" With happiness in view.

" Oh! Happiness! the search
" Of man in every sphere;
" If happiness we search,
" Let's find her while we're here.

" In bags of gold she's not,
" Nor is she to be found
" In flowing bowls nor fleeting mirth,
" There happiness is drown'd.
" Nor yet in cards and dice,
" Those murderers of time;
" Nor in the looking-glass
" Of virgins in their prime.

" Where ever virtue is,
" There happiness remains;
" Tho' pangs of death obstruct our joy,
" Hope says, there happy pains.
" So then, she's not confin'd
" To any sphere or place;
" But always to be found,
" If virtue we embrace."

" Then," said ELIZA, " my *Helen* will ever possess it." " Never, never,"

cried she, clasping her hands in agony, "unless I find it in that silent peaceful mansion where I am hastening." "And whether is my *Helen* going," replied *Miss Mortimore*, "that ELIZA will not accompany her?" "Oh!" replied poor *Helen*, "I am going a long, long journey, into a far and distant country, to tell a wise and merciful judge that I have erred, that I have placed confidence in man, and am lost, undone for ever!

The incoherency of *Helen*'s language made poor ELIZA tremble; little suspecting what she alluded to, and the sad truth of what she said, she really thought her delirious, and very calmly advised her to take a few drops of laudanum, which would calm her spirits, as the voyage seemed to have agitated her. *Helen* smiled at her advice, and thought it best to let her remain in her error.

From this time nothing particularly occurred until they arrived at the place of their destination, which was in the environs of *Boulogne*.

Sir Edward Mortimore bore the fatigue of the voyage much better than any of the party. Immediately on landing, they set out for *Boulogne*, near which place he settled; a small house, with a wood behind it, which sheltered it from the tempestuous blasts of the north easterly wind, was now the humble habitation of this once illustrious family. Our two cousins often wandered in imagination to the shades of *Golden-Grove*, as they used to stray among the trees, and frequently would talk of past times, and sigh at the many happy days that were gone, never——never to return.——When they became more reconciled, they would in their walks moralize on the hardships of their fortune, ELIZA used often to say,

" Would to Heaven! I was possessed of insensibility; for,

" Whate'er the child of feeling may endure,
" The sons of apathy are still secure."

" The only thing, *Helen*, that would afford any comfort to my but too susceptible heart, would be a letter from *Eugene;* to him I sent word soon after our arrival here, of the place fixed on by my father for our residence, and the situation we now were in; but I fear he, like the world in general, will change at the thoughts of poverty, and forget he ever promised to love me." " Those are fears you ought not to eentertain," replied her companion, " for if he would be biassed by fortune, I am sure he is not worth your thinking of."

Added to those evils, ELIZA now perceived her father gave way to a particular lowness of spirits, and his health

began to decline, this animated her to an exertion of her spirits, that she might be able to make him forget the late misfortune, which preyed so heavily on his mind; she wished to render his declining years as pleasant as she could. He who had brought her up with the greatest tenderness, and indulged her in every luxury that imagination could invent, and who had now no other comfort left but her and his niece, they both knew, he required their utmost attention, to render the close of life, which in general is subject to so many bodily infirmities, as agreeable as possible, and which they were not backward in endeavouring to make so.

Helen's vivacity assisted her cousin greatly in this.—The society they met with among the English families at *Boulogne*, where they were continually invited, contributed much to raise the spirits of ELIZA, especially as they often met many French at the houses they visited,

whose natural sprightliness would expel melancholy from the most gloomy disposition.

The two cousins would frequently visit the environs of their retired habitation, as the sight of new scenes and objects naturally afford amusement to youthful minds, and indeed it was the most agreeable one they partook of, as they were both of a contemplative turn of mind. In their various rambles they were one day induced to go much further than they designed, led on by the fineness of the day, and the beauty of the scenery the country disclosed. They continued their walk on the banks of a river which led opposite a large mansion, beautifully surrounded by trees and shrubs of various hues; a little further they observed a bridge thrown over the river, merely to form a road to the house, here ELIZA stood contemplating and admiring the

elegance with which art had adorned this noble seat.

"Suppose," says *Helen*, who never was easy long in one place, "we venture as far as yonder bridge, and probably we may get into the pleasure ground; the great owner will surely not be offended at our amusing ourselves." ELIZA with her natural timidity made objections, "We shall," says she, "probably be thought intruders, and be subject to the insolence of the domesticks." However, being at last overpowered by the persuasions of her companion, she ventured to cross the bridge. The view of the house and adjoining ground appearing to greater advantage on the side of the river they were now on; ELIZA took out her pencil and paper, (as she never went out without them;) her cousin seeing her thus occupied, strolled farther on. She had not been gone long, when suddenly our young artist, (who was too intent on the subject which engaged her,

to hear the approach of footsteps,) was seized by the arm, thinking it was *Helen* in one of her wonted frolicks, she at first did not notice it; till hearing a strange voice, she turned round, and to her great astonishment, saw it was a gentleman who had laid hold of her. Letting fall the drawing, she soon extricated herself from him, and ran away along the banks of the river, opposite to that on which they had before strolled; she had not gone far, before her foot slipped, and she fell into the water. The gentleman who had thus alarmed ELIZA, had, from a window of the castle, seen the two cousins come into his grounds, and attracted by their elegant appearance, was led to take a nearer view, therefore approached the spot where ELIZA stood, whom he observed was very attentive to a paper she held in her hand, which gave him an opportunity, unobserved by her, to contemplate her fine form; he then approached her, still unnoticed, and seeing

her face equally as attractive as her form, he gazed on her for some time with rapture; at length overcome by the power of her charms, in an ecstacy he could not suppress, he caught hold of her, and in words the most tender, addressed her, or rather would have addressed her, but her flight prevented her hearing what his enraptured fancy might have that moment made him utter; for hearing a strange voice, she let fall what before had gained her attention, and freeing herself from his hold, then followed the catastrophe above mentioned.

The gentleman, knight-errant like, without hesitation, plunged into the river and brought her to the bank. The servants, who had been watching their master's pursuit, ran immediately to his assistance; but it being so sudden, and he so quick in recovering her, that they were not in time to be of any essential service; they seeing her in a state of insensibility,

like a lifeless corpse, stretched on the margin of the river, with their master leaning over her, watching each revolving moment for returning life, were struck with horror and admiration; as soon as he saw them, he dispatched one for a physician, and the others he ordered immediately to convey her to the house, and to provide what was necessary for her relief and comfort—cursing himself as the cruel, though innocent cause—he followed watchful, and with trembling steps. They had gone but a few paces, when *Helen* coming out of a plantation, seeing her companion conveyed away, concluded she was made prisoner, unwilling for her to go alone, she flew to her assistance;—but when she saw her pale and motionless, her heart gave way to grief, and she was unable to express her anxiety but by showers of tears. The anxious follower seeing the situation of her amiable friend, the *Marquis*, in a very low voice, told her of the acci-

dent, and of his being the innocent cause; but did not mention what he had done to save her.—His servants were not quite so delicate, they would not let it pass unnoticed, but were very vociferous in praise of their master's gallantry. The now disconsolate *Helen* was too uneasy about her friend, to attend to what they said—but requested she might instantly be conveyed to bed, and have the best advice that could be procured, immediately;—which being done, and a second servant sent to hasten the physician, she waited in anxious hope of his arrival, and pronouncing her out of danger.

ELIZA.

CHAP. VII.

THE *Marquis de Belgardé's chateau* being some distance from *Boulogne*, it was three hours before the physician arrived at the mansion where our heroine lay; but, before his arrival, she had began to recover—as soon as she revived, and found herself in the midst of splendor, in a bed and room like unto what she had formerly known——she thought herself in a dream, or that she had dreamt all that had lately passed,

and that she was at *Golden Grove*.—This bed, those large pier glasses, and such fine embroidered furniture, is so unlike the simple neatness which characterized the humble dwelling that my father now occupies, thought she, that I surely must be at the place of my nativity; then opening the curtain wider, she saw her dear cousin, whose joy at seeing her restored to life, was so great, that she was unable to express herself, but by embraces.

As soon as those friendly congratulations were ended, *Helen* informed her where she was, and of all that had happened during her state of insensibility.—We leave our readers to guess her surprise when she found herself remote from home, and in the house of a stranger, to whose hospitality she owed the recovery of her life. Just as she was giving her companion a description of her thoughts, (as we have mentioned above) the *Marquis de Belgardé* (the name of the person in whose

house she lay) entered her room; as soon as he saw she was so much recovered, he was going to retire with an apology—but ELIZA addressed herself to him in the most grateful strain, and begged she might be allowed to return home, as her father would be very uneasy—and she could not think of encroaching longer on his beneficence, to which she was already so much indebted. He only answered, by begging she would compose herself, and as soon as she was well, every request should be complied with—" As madam," continued he, " I have been the innocent cause of your illness, I ought to shelter you under my roof, till you are restored to that health, my imprudence robbed you of; it is but a small recompence;—the honor I feel in protecting so great a treasure, cannot be requited by any action of mine. What should I have to answer for, if through my unthinking conduct, your friends had lost so rich a jewel? Let me again but request you will compose yourself." On saying

this he retired. *Helen*, who observed the weak state of her friend, begged she would accept the invitation, and rest herself for awhile—this she would not have done, had she not observed that he was a man of a certain age, and concluded he had a wife and family.—ELIZA overcome by this advice, her fears were calmed.

The physician now entered the apartment; as soon as he perceived ELIZA, he advised she might immediately be sent home, otherwise her anxiety of mind might bring on a fever, which would be attended with dreadful consequences.—He said, she was very weak, yet she might venture.—This argument prevailed on the *Marquis*, though anxious he was to detain her. He begged they would accept his chariot, and permit him to accompany them home: this they could not with any degree of politeness refuse.

On their return home, they found *Sir Edward* had gone in search of them, he

fancying every possible evil had befallen them, from their unusual delay, could no longer remain easy at home. The *Marquis* awaited till his return—whom on seeing them so well attended, was equally surprised and rejoiced. *Helen* eagerly informed her uncle of the cause of her delay, and of the goodness of the gentleman who had accompanied them.

The father of ELIZA was unbounded in his gratitude, for the care taken of his daughter. He requested him to do them the honor of spending the remainder of the day under their humble roof. The *Marquis*, happy at the opportunity of introducing himself to this family, readily accepted their polite invitation.

The very lively, refined, and sensible conversation of this noble stranger, was so extremely engaging, that they became mutually pleased with each other, and did not part till a late hour, when he requested

Sir Edward and the ladies, would soon return the visit at his *chateau*; which was accepted on the part of our now humble cottagers, without the least suspicion of the cause that induced him to court their acquaintance.

They were not long in ignorance, but soon discovered his attachment for ELIZA. *Sir Edward*, sensible of the high honor conferred on his daughter, was eager to promote his friendship.

Our family party had been near two months in this retreat, and no letter received from *Eugene;*—though our heroine could not account for his long silence, yet she framed every excuse that her imagination could invent to her cousin, as probable to prevent her hearing from him. Not all the attention she had received from the *petit maîtres* since their arrival on the Continent, nor the still more elegant devoirs of the *Marquis de Belgardé*, could erase

from her heart the image of her beloved *Eugene.*

Soon after they had made this new acquaintance, ELIZA was agreeably surprised by a letter, which commenced to the following effect:

" *HOW can I be able to convey to my* ELIZA *sentiments of a heart all her own? in that I shall fail; for no language, can picture the love I possess for her.*

" *As it reigns in the throb of my heart, and is seen in the glance of my eye—* ELIZA, *you are gone, but when to return? Gone, and left me just as I had heard from your enchanting lips, words that time can never obliterate from my memory. A thought most corroding! You are gone, where I cannot see you, probably, for years—nay, more than that, for I may*

never see you again. In a few days I depart for America, from whence to return, I know not. Why then can I expect or ask of you to retain the least spark of affection for so uncertain and distant an object.—You, in whose heart thousands of admirers would wish to reign, to whom each sun must bring new suitors;—on whom each eye that looks, must be struck with admiration, whose all commanding charms will cause many hearts to bleed—and to whom, no doubt, many offers of advantage must be made. I cannot even wish you would consider me as any obstacle in the way.—Though much I love, and ever must do, yet to ask what I know is foreign to reason: that you should remain to love me, a thought transporting, but too unreasonable to indulge in. What consequence can life be of to me, if I am separated from you for ever?—Heaven without you, cannot be—You are all I prize or should hold dear in heaven or earth. How hard then the task, how

poignant then my feelings, when I think of the cruelty of fate, whom so suddenly has placed an eternity between us, if that we are doomed never again to meet.

" Think not of me, but leave me to indulge in your ideal presence, ever since you left England, have I partook of it, your fears have I shared.—By moonlight I strayed along one evening while you were on your passage, the wind being very high, I trembled for you—each cloud that passed over the moon from my sight, appeared to me like the vessel you were in, tossed to and fro by mountainous billows. Your letter tells me this fancy was but too true. As you did not suffer much by it, my mind is at ease.

" I should not have delayed writing so long, but as you requested me to send the story of Juliet, *I was unwilling to write without it; I now send it, and hope*

my ever dear ELIZA *will pay the tribute of a sigh to its contents. Oh! may she never want that sigh for any calamities of her own, is the wish of her sincere*

EUGENE.

London, August 9, 1786.

ELIZA's reflections on this letter were not the most favorable—whether it is that the mind is ever ingenious to afflict itself, or that she thought his going to America, indicated a coldness, without considering as she ought to have done, that the filial affection he shewed by it, redounded more to his credit. What the real cause was, we leave our readers to devise.—But true it is, that when *Helen* came into the room, she found her cousin in tears.——"What weeping over *Eugene's* letter," says she, "I suppose he has sent word of a rival;

if so, for God's sake don't let it spoil the brightness of your eyes, and hinder you from making new conquests, or retaining in your chains the noble *Marquis* your deliverer; for I perceive, he is determined to enter the list of your admirers, and indeed, I think you ought to congratulate yourself on this change of lovers:—the present, my love, is always preferable to the absent, and to make use of an old saying, more applicable than elegant, *A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.* Let then the *Marquis*, dear *Marquis*, and his still dearer *chateau*, fill up all the vacancies of your heart, though the addition of a few years may have taken the bloom of youth from his cheeks, they have not eradicated the goodness from his heart, but have taught him experience, by which he knows how to place a real value on your charms, and of course, more capable of making yon happy than *Eugene*. Therefore, come ELIZA, let us not delay, we

must dress; and you must put on your best smiles, and adorn yourself, that you may look as killing as possible, for we are to go to the *chateau* to day."

ELIZA.

CHAP. VIII.

ON their return from the *Marquis's*, *Helen* began again to rally ELIZA on her new conquest. "Indeed," said she, "I observe your father likes him much."—ELIZA said "she hoped his acquaintance would be the means of reconciling her father to his situation, for the *Marquis*" says she, "seems to be a pleasant and lively companion for his years." "Years, indeed," replied *Helen*; "it may be years

before you meet with such another capital conquest, if you slight him; all I know, is, had I been the happy object of his devoirs, I would have him merely for the pleasure of seeing myself in those beautiful glasses, as it would be productive of one advantage to me in my future life; at least I should from frequently looking in them, know myself, which is a knowledge they say, so difficult to attain.

ELIZA quitting the room, promised *Helen* she would read her the history of *Juliet*, which she had received in the packet from England, therefore begged her not to be long before she joined her in the garden.

The day's excursion at the *Marquis's*, had amused all the party; but ELIZA still possessed that sadness which she could not get the better of, and which had hung on her spirits ever since her arrival on the Continent, in spite of all the endeavours of the *Marquis*, and every one else to please

her. *Helen* too, though she assumed, and continued to put on that degree of thoughtless gaiety, was still a prey to secret grief. *Sir Edward* seemed to be the most resigned of the party. So it ever is with age; they feel less the calamities of life, than the young; whether it is that, as they know the period to their existence is in the course of nature fast approaching, or that years blunt that sensibility so acute in youth, they always bear with a degree of calmness the storms which surround them. Another source from which he derived satisfaction, was, the hope of establishing his dear daughter, ere he quitted this transitory world; for he had not been unobservant to the particular attention the *Marquis* had paid to ELIZA, and the delight every thing she said or did, seemed to afford him. "Oh!" thought he, "that I may live to see her married to the *Marquis*, what a satisfaction, to leave her unprotected youth and innocence with such

a protector, ere I go to join her sainted mother."

Sir Edward Mortimore, great in mind as ever, though fallen in circumstances, could not break it to poor *Helen*, that she was a poor orphan dependent on his bounty; but determined, small as his income now was, to let her continue with him as usual, and to keep her ignorant of her forlorn state. He resolved to write to his son, (little suspecting the base part that son had acted to his ward) and tell him of the misfortunes that had torn him from his native home, and intreat him to continue to protect ELIZA and *Helen*, when he should be called away, and leave them unprotected in an unfeeling world, which is apt to take but too great an advantage over young and distressed females; little supposing that very son to have already been a greater monster, than any he could figure to his imagination, their youth and innocence could meet with.

Could he have supposed that a son of his, would have taken the advantage of her dependent situation, and injured that virtue he ought to have protetecd;—her being under the care of his father, and under the same roof with himself, and her forlorn situation, would have pleaded in a generous mind, so strong, and powerful, that it would have almost precluded in the breast of a barbarian, a thought of injuring a person so situated. But what in the creation is so savage as a man governed by passion? Recalled home as he was about to be, how would he dare to look the injured *Helen* in the face! That fatal face, which had by its beauty, like the serpent in paradise, induced him to commit a crime, he must, in his calm moments of reflection, shudder at!

Sir Edward, after writing to his son, informed his daughter, that in a short time she would see her brother. "And will not *Helen* too, be happy to see her

cousin?" said *Sir Edward.* "Oh! yes—yes"—cried she, confusedly; "I will tell you in a moment—that is to say, when I have found that dictionary which will tell me, if the word *happy* will express the exact feelings I ought to have, on meeting your son."

There was no notice taken of what *Helen* said, relating to the return of *William;* her thoughtless gaiety, or at least appearance of it, hindered them from supposing she had any meaning in what she ever said.

ELIZA having been obliged to attend her father on this important letter, was prevented from reading the history she had promised. *Helen's* feelings on hearing of this intended re-call of *William*, cannot be described. At first she thought to unbosom her full heart to her friend; but after a little mature deliberation, she could not think of adding a feather's weight to the sorrows, which seemed already nearly

to overpower the delicate frame of ELIZA. She therefore willingly acceded to her request of reading *Juliet's* history, and seemed happy in the thought—that she possibly might—by participating in the woes of others, in some degree, dissipate her own.—ELIZA said, "I give you the history of *Juliet* as I received it, which is as follows:"—

'SHE was placed in a convent (from 'whence she escaped) very young, by her 'grandfather's dying request. Scarce any 'event worth mentioning happened until 'the age of thirteen; when she began to 'feel being immured in a monastery, and 'was very impatient at being obliged to 'spend so dull a life; for she was of an 'uncommon lively disposition, not at all 'suited for the severities of a convent.— 'Her glass told her she was handsome; 'and had she never seen herself, she would 'have known that she possessed that tran-'sient gift of nature; as she heard it from

'all who approached her, perpetually 'buzzed in her ears, and she was called 'by the nuns and boarders of the convent, '*Là Belle Angloise*. So that it is possible 'that flattery can shed its baneful influence 'even within the walls of a convent. Her 'eyes, her hair, her complexion, were ad- 'mired each hour, and she had scarce 'reached her fifteenth year, when she felt, 'that she wished to be seen and admired 'by more than the nuns; she felt that if 'she was the one, she could not fail of 'being the other; she therefore was as 'often at the grate, as she could find any 'kind of a pretext for absenting herself. 'A vast number of transient likings had 'the fair *Juliet*.—As there were never any 'gentlemen who passed by this pretty 'imprisoned bird, but returned again and 'again, and would never cease passing to 'and fro till she left the grate. These kind 'of flirtations amused her much, and quite 'made her amends for the many sour looks

'she received from the abbess, for her
'being almost always absent.

'*Juliet* had but one favorite in the
'convent; a young girl just her own age,
'of the sweetest disposition was *Matilda*
'*Meadows;* born of an English family at
'Brussels, she had lost her mother very
'young, and her father who was much too
'gay for his years, did not like to see a
'tall daughter of seventeen always before
'his eyes, as it reminded him, that he
'should possess a decorum of character, he
'was far from wishing to adopt, he could
'not bear, seeing one whose age he almoſt
'wished to be his own; and indeed could
'scarce help thinking he was: and as there
'are some people, who from having a fa-
'vorite idea for some time possess their fan-
'cy, really believe that what they imagine
'is true. Such was the weakness of *Ma-*
'*tilda's* father;—therefore any thing so
'contrary to youth, as a son of one and
'twenty, and a daughter of eighteen, must

'not appear; as the father and son lan-
'guishing probably at the feet of the same
'beauty, was so *outré* a thing, that it could
'not be suffered: therefore on some pre-
'text or other, son and daughter must
'both be sent away—the young *Edwin*
'into the army, *Matilda* into a convent;
'on pretence of finishing her education,
'though her mother had had her instructed
'by the best masters, and the greatest
'attention had been paid to her education.
'But the true reason why she was sent to
'a monastery, was, that as young minds
'are easily swayed, she might by example
'be induced to take the veil. And what
'made him more resolved than ever, thus
'to dispose of his two children, was, that
'they very insultingly one evening laughed
'at his happening to sing, *Time has not*
'*thinned my flowing hair;* and he having
'on a large wig, felt the justness of the
'laugh; which unfortunate laugh, caused
'him to banish wig and children at the
'same time.

'*Matilda* his daughter, and *Juliet*, were 'inseparable companions;—both young, 'lovely, and thoughtless; to amuse the 'present moment was their only care.— 'Soon after *Matilda* came to the convent, 'her brother, who was with his regiment, 'not far from the monastery, came often to 'see her. *Juliet* usually accompanied '*Matilda* to the grate, where she went to 'see her brother, and insensibly *Juliet* and '*Edwin* grew attached to each other, and 'were perpetually planning schemes to 'elude the vigilance of the lady abbess, 'to go to some of the amusements of the 'place. *Edwin* was captivated with *Juliet*, 'and was one of those who were honored 'with her particular favor, and from their 'being so often together, a mutual attach-'ment had taken place.

'Among the variety of lovers who paid 'silent admiration to the fair *Juliet*, was a 'most singular gentleman, so muffled up 'by a large hat and great coat, that his

'person could scarcely be distinguished; 'his air was noble, but from his walk she 'conjectured, that he was not in his '*premiere jeunesse;* but his countenance 'she could not judge of, for she scarcely 'ever saw it, or if she did, she had but 'such a slight glimpse, that she could not 'particularly distinguish any part, but two 'large eyes that constantly glared on her. 'She never appeared at the grate, but this 'same figure met her eyes; she made one 'remark, which was, that whenever *Edwin* 'approached the grate, he disappeared 'instantly, and did the same when *Matilda* 'was with her. *Juliet* though captivated 'with *Edwin*, lively, gay, and volatile 'in the extreme, never made love a se-'rious affair as most girls do; she liked him 'because he danced, sung, and romped 'with her, therefore considered him as a 'pretty playfellow, and was always uneasy 'from him, and elated when with him; 'still she did not devote her entire thoughts 'and time to him, for she was a true co-

'quet, and had a vast many lovers in her
'train, and she would amuse herself and
'them, with a smile, a tender glance, a
'kiss, or some such (what she thought) in-
'nocent freedom; for accustomed as she
'was to see the familiarities between the
'nuns and friars from her infancy, she
'really thought no harm in the liberties I
'have mentioned. Her vanity was such,
'that she even felt herself gratified by the
'unabated attention of the incognito, who
'appeared every day as usual;—and as the
'winter was far advanced, he used to stay
'under her window, and walk to and fro
'with a small dark lanthorn in his hand,
'as long as he could perceive any light in
'her room. Her vanity led her to open
'the casement frequently, and he knowing
'by this, that she noticed him, continued
'his perambulations every night, even
'though it rained and snowed, and even
'in the most dreadful nights in December,
'would he wander round the walls of the
'convent. The signal by which she was

'warned of his approach, was the light pass-
'ing her window; to a girl of less spirit
'than *Juliet*, such an uncommon lover (if
'such I dare call him) would have excited no
'other sentiment but terror and alarm:—
'but she ever fond of novelty, and the sin-
'gular courtship of this man being the
'most novel thing she had ever heard of,
'or met with, of course it amused her, and
'to be amused was her only thought; she
'used to laugh very much at what she
'called cooling her enamorata on a wet
'night in December; as at the risk of
'her catching cold, she would open her
'window and stand at it for hours, for the
'purpose of inducing this singular man to
'parade as usual. But this ridiculous tri-
'fling of *Juliet's* was very improper, as the
'sequel of this history will prove. It was
'her youth, her vanity, which made her
'encounter so many dangers for this fool-
'ish man; as he never attempted either to
'speak or write to her, his whole wish
'seemed to be, to be noticed by her; but

'the notice *Juliet* had unguardedly paid 'him, had almost cost her very dear.

'One night, just after she had been at 'vespers, and had heard the funeral service 'performed over a lay-sister, she was set-'ting alone in her room, and the wind was 'whistling round the turrets of the con-'vent, her spirits were very low from the 'solemn sight she had just seen—she sud-'denly heard, or fancied she heard voices 'in the wind, repeating her name in 'mournful accents; as she listened to con-'firm her fancy, she was startled all of a 'sudden by a signal from her usual lover, 'tapping at the window. Any other even-'ing but this, it would have afforded her 'her usual amusement——but from the 'dreariness of her thoughts she was now 'terrified beyond measure, and still more 'so, when she saw written on a paper that 'was held up to her window, *remember 'me*—and instantly as she thought, a face 'appeared at the bars; she screamed, and 'the face instantly changed to this same

'paper and words, *remember me.* Ah! 'thought she, so I shall to the last hour of 'my life.

'*Juliet* was so terrified at the instant, 'that she could not satisfy herself as to the 'reality of what she saw, till a thought 'struck her, that it might be her old gal-'lant, and on looking out of the window, 'she saw him standing, to be noticed 'by her as formerly. But she disappointed 'him, for she resolved never more to 'amuse herself with leaning out of the 'window to see him;—happy would it 'have been, had she adhered to the reso-'lution she then made.'

'The face, at which *Juliet* had been 'so much alarmed, was nothing but the 'picture of the same man she had so 'simply encouraged;—and though she 'had been so terrified from her foolish 'imprudence with him, and had entered 'into a determination never more to act

'with such folly, yet she could not resist,
'for fate seemed to wish to punish her
'properly for her coquetry, in amusing
'herself with a pretended regard for a
'man she did not know or care for,
'and whose clandestine conduct ought
'to have made her suspect some impro-
'per design. The evening's adventure
'had this effect however, that she never
'was afterwards alone, nor scarce ever
'went to the window without her com-
'panion *Matilda*.

ELIZA.

CHAP. IX.

'EDWIN's affection still increasing, 'he paid her more frequent visits than 'usual; one evening he brought tickets 'for a masquerade, and persuaded them 'to go. Our young friends were de-'lighted at the thought, as they would, 'by this means, be able to elude the 'watchful eye of their abbess, and go 'without leave; their greatest amuse-'ment was to deceive her; it afforded

'them much greater pleasure than the 'idea of the entertainment; but the cha- 'racters they should assume, was of the 'greatest consequence, lest they should 'be discovered; at length they deter- 'mined that *Juliet* should represent one of 'the Muses, *Matilda* a Fortune-teller, and '*Edwin* Apollo. Thus equipped, they set 'out without any notice being taken of 'them, till they arrived at the rooms, 'which were crowded, and the instant 'they appeared, they were surrounded 'with masks; the first who addressed 'them, was a Fisherman, with a rod and 'line in his hand, who gently throwing 'the line over *Juliet*, said, 'I must be a 'novice, indeed, in angling, if I did not 'try to find a bate to catch such a pretty 'fish as you. I wonder where you can 'have been swimming, that I have not 'had a glimpse of you before? but *better 'late than never*. I am grown very fond 'of you, and if you will promise me to 'be a good little fish, (for I think you

'cannot escape me,) I will take the hook 'out of your mouth carefully, and put you 'in my favorite brook, and at the hazard of 'stinging myself, will bring you a wasp's 'nest every day.'

'I most humbly thank you, Mr. 'Fisherman,' replied *Juliet*, 'for your 'intended kindness, and all the grubs 'you have in idea got for me; but rest 'assured, if I am any fish, I am an eel, 'and should slip through your fingers the 'instant you had caught me, for I assure 'you, you have quite mistaken me, if you 'think I am a gudgeon.'

'I am treated so severe by the 'Muse, I will try what I can do with my 'pretty Fortune-teller,' says the Fisher-'man, throwing his line over *Matilda*.

'Why,' replied she, 'I would ad-'vise you always to fish in shallow water, 'and then, perhaps, you may have a bite, 'for while you have the temerity to at-

'tempt the deep, you will never have 'even a nibble——I have only one thing 'more to say, which is more worldly than 'humane:—

"Never fish in troubl'd water."

'The poor Fisherman finding he could 'make nothing of either, could only an-'swer *Matilda* by saying, 'I have been 'an angler long, and always found it 'required patience; but I find angling 'here is to no purpose, I have no hopes 'of catching, though I may be caught; 'I therefore find my wonted patience 'forsakes me, and I have none to bear 'the keenness of your repartees; I must, 'therefore, *court my fortune where she 'may be kinder.*'

'Having got rid of the angler, who 'was angling for their hearts, they were 'joined by a man in the character of 'Nobody—who accosted them with 'I 'see Nobody can come near you to night,

'as you have brought your Apollo to take 'care of you. What a sad night for you 'to come all through the snow from *Par-* 'nassus, if your feet had chanced to have 'slipt, and you had rolled down, when 'you came to the bottom, it would, I 'think, have been a query whether you 'had been a snow-ball or a Muse.' 'I 'saw,' replied *Juliet*, 'that you had 'no—body, but I did not immediately 'perceive that you had no head, as I now 'do—but depend on it, I did not come 'here with a wish for the attentions of 'no—body.'—'I did not suppose, my 'pretty Muse, that you did,' replied he, 'or that you would be in love with me; 'or that any lady would throw away a 'thought on one of my appearance. The 'only reason for my coming here this 'evening, was, as I thought every body 'was to be here, Nobody ought to be 'absent: I love the fair as well as 'No—body can, and I meant innocently 'to amuse and be amused; that is to say,

'if any ladies of the present age could be 'pleased with No—body for a whole 'evening. From your reflections on 'women, you possess not the feelings of 'any—body, or you would not be so 'severe.'

'Pray how came you to take up a 'word said against your sex, with so 'much violence?' 'We are never angry 'at any observation, unless we are sensi-'ble there is some truth in it; you must 'know I have reason to be severe, as 'they have been my bane. *I leave the 'world for him that hates a woman.* I 'have waged war against the whole sex, 'and would I could persuade (in order to 'vex them) all men to be like me; as I 'sincerely wish there was no—body in 'the world to please them; what con-'fusion would there be. No—body mi-'serable! No—body happy! No—body 'in love! No—body made fools of! No—

'body for husbands! No—body cuckolds!
'and No—body to intrude!"

'The next mask that accosted
'them, was an hermit, saying, 'Oh!
'would to Heaven! I was your *Edwin*,
'and you my *Angelina;* but he is happy,
'and though *Apollo*, he cannot conceal
'*Edwin* from me; nor can the Muse
'*Juliet*; no disguise can hide that form,
'nor that enchanting voice which first
'enraptured my soul.'

'If I am known to you, for heaven's
'sake.' cried *Juliet*, quite thrown off
'her guard, 'do not tell the abbess'
'forgetting that she, by this, betrayed
'where she was come from, and that she
'had left the convent without leave; she
'then fell into another error, but one
'is generally productive of more: she
'resolved to be very liberal of her smiles
'to this Hermit, to induce him, should he
'be a friar, (a thing she thought not un-

'likely,) to keep their frolic a secret, 'and in her volatile manner, said, 'I 'will be your *Angelina*, and never think 'of *Edwin* more, if you will not tell 'tales.' 'Alas! my adored *Juliet*,' re-'plied he, 'I am not one from whom 'you have any thing to fear; let me but 'think you do not hate me, this one 'night, and I shall be blest indeed. 'Tell me, oh! tell me, is your heart pre-'possessed? but why do I ask, when I 'know it is.

'The young, the elegant, the grace-'ful *Edwin*, is the happy possessor of all 'your tenderness:—Would to God! I 'was that happy man! to be smiled on by 'the lovely *Juliet*.'

'This, and such kind of conversation, 'trifled away the evening—the variety 'and novelty of the scenes, and the flat-'tery which from all she received, intoxi-'cated her; flattery, in some minds, has

'the same effect as wine, and poor *Juliet*
'elated by the universal admiration she
'met with, did not think of the impropri-
'ety of suffering the Hermit to be so much
'with her, and what she began from policy,
'she now continued with inclination.—
'*Matilda* and *Edwin* had left her, being
'separated from the croud, and the mask
'with her, had so much engrossed her by
'his conversation, which she thought ele-
'gant and interesting; in short, it was
'love—and *Juliet* listened ever to that
'language, with avidity. She seemed to
'have forgot her companions, and the
'artful Hermit took particular pains to
'keep her out of their sight. Thoughtless
'*Juliet*, a few short hours and thy fate is
'decided! It began to grow late, and
'notwithstanding all the persuasions of
'the Hermit, she began to be anxious to
'find her party; but he artfully persuaded
'her they were gone home. Terrified at
'the idea of being left alone, she began to
'be angry with herself for having neglected

'*Edwin*, and to detest the Hermit as the
'cause of it; her spirits were much flur-
'ried, which was increased by the cry of
'fire from an adjoining room. The Her-
'mit availing himself of this, hurried her
'out of the rooms, and conveyed her to a
'carriage, which drove off at a violent
'rate: it alarmed her so much, that she
'began to scream;—she instantly suspect-
'ed he had some unfavorable designs, and
'on finding her screams were not attended
'to, she redoubled them, when on a sud-
'den, to her great joy, the carriage was
'stopped—and a flambeau was held to the
'window: The Hermit's mask having
'fallen off in the hurry, she discovered to
'her great astonishment, the same counte-
'nance, she had a few nights before been
'so much terrified with. On seeing *Edwin*,
'(for it was him who stopped the carriage)
'the Hermit said in a hasty low voice,
'expose me not to the raillery of my chil-
'dren;—make not so ill a return for the
'tenderness I have lavished on you—pro-

'mise me never to tell *Edwin* and *Matilda*,
'of the weakness of their father, and I
'will resign you in an instant to your lover.
'Adieu! my dear.—Adieu! my lovely
'*Juliet*, for ever! Do not despise me for
'a weakness, no reason could restrain.'
'*Juliet* then laid her commands on *Edwin*,
'not to affront the stranger; he glad to
'receive her, complied with her request,
'and conducted her to the first hotel they
'came to, in order to recover her spirits.
'On first entering the room, he had not a
'thought detrimental to her honor; but the
'disorder she had been thrown in, had
'heightened her natural beauty; her dress
'which was the most alluring, and calcu-
'lated to display her fine shape and neck
'to advantage; the languor of her fine
'eyes, and more than all, the tender glan-
'ces which she frequently bestowed on
'him, heated his imagination, already but
'too much inflamed by wine, that forget-
'ing every sentiment of honor, he thought
'only of love and opportunity. *Juliet*

'grateful to *Edwin*, for having rescued 'her from the man she hated, forgot she 'was still in more danger with the man 'she loved. The trifling liberties she had 'often allowed him, were repeated; and 'she never thought of the risk she ran, 'with trusting to *the harmless freedom, 'and the private friend.*——Thus the ad-'mired, the beautiful *Juliet*, fell a sacrifice 'to her thoughtless volatility.

'She conjured *Edwin* to return her to 'the nunnery—and he almost as much dis-'tressed at what had happened, as she, as 'it was by no means premeditated, but 'accident on both sides; he acceded to 'all she requested. What had passed, 'was so far from lessening his esteem for '*Juliet*, that it still seemed to increase his 'affection; he kneeled, and requested 'her forgiveness; and her disposition was 'too mild, and her love too tender, to be 'long angry with him; particularly, as 'she considered herself the most culpable

'person. *Edwin* kissed the tears from those 'enchanting eyes, which had drew them 'into error, and intreated her to meet him 'every evening, which she as incautiously 'as ever promised to do. Alas! how was 'the lovely *Juliet* fallen! She had virtue 'enough left to sigh for her unguarded 'conduct—she regretted the loss of that 'innocence, which until that luckless mo-'ment, had been her greatest ornament. 'She blushed whenever she saw herself in 'the glass, and for some days she could 'not bear her own shadow;—yet still 'punctual to the appointed time, she met 'her seducer. The confidence she had 'placed in *Edwin*, rendered him still dearer 'to her: he at length by bribing the por-'ters of the convent, at all hours of the 'night, trod with undaunted steps, the 'long dark isles that led to her chamber:

"The fearless lover wants no gleam of light,
"The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way;
"Fearless he wanders thro' the vale of night,
"Belongs to Venus, and can never stray."

'To a girl of stricter principles than *Juliet*, these evening visits would have been 'alarming; but she had from her youth a 'turn for gallantry, and she only momentary felt her deviation from virtue; as 'she was one of those kind of women who 'verified the French adage:—

"Le premier pas qui coute."

'and as she had once erred from inadvertency, she now continued to do so from 'inclination; never seeming to think, to 'what such reprehensible conduct would 'bring her in future.

'Be warned then ye young and gay, 'by the fate of poor *Juliet*, and guard 'against giving way to thoughtless levity, 'as she meant (as many of you do) only to 'trifle away time, and amuse herself by 'the power her charms had over her different lovers; but she, like the bird which 'the basilisk seeks but to destroy, fell an 'easy prey to its allurements.

'These stolen interviews continued, 'until he received orders to join his regi-'ment. At this time, poor *Juliet's* very 'improper conduct could no longer be 'concealed, as the alteration of her shape 'became every day more and more visible. 'She and her lover began to consult on 'what plan was now best to be adopted; 'they at length determined, that *Juliet* 'should quit the convent, and come to 'him where his regiment was quartered. 'Not having time to make her escape 'before his departure, his order being so 'sudden and peremptory. He promised 'her he would send a trusty friend, who 'should convey her safe to him, when the 'ceremony (now only wanting) should be 'performed: he assured her, that he al-'ready considered her as his wife, and that 'she might have every reliance on his 'fidelity. Thus having calmed all her 'inquietudes, he left her.

'A few days had elapsed, when *Eugene* 'this trusty friend, came dressed in the 'habit of an old woman, (the disguise 'agreed on) and enquired for *Juliet;* but 'unfortunately this message was carried to 'the abbess, and she instantly ordered the 'messenger into her presence. The spark-'ling dark eyes and elegant features of '*Eugene*, would (had he not appeared as 'a woman) have insured him a polite re-'ception from the abbess; but on his being 'summoned into her presence, she was 'cold, formal, odious, detestable, and dis-'agreeable, as women generally are to 'each other; more particularly so, as she 'saw the face and person were so much 'superior to her own.

'The cold salutation of 'What is your 'business, madam;' was the manner in 'which she saluted him: it is said, that 'a woman is never caught without an ex-'cuse; but on the present occasion, a man 'was not without his;—for *Eugene* in-

'stantly said, "I am your aunt *Miss Juliet*,
'sent by your guardians to bring you
'home."—This flattery to a more obser-
'vant person than the poor old abbess,
'would have betrayed, that the feigned
'aunt was a man. She had not an idea,
'but that such a mistake was very natural;
'for as she often regarded *Juliet* with a
'speculating eye, and as often wished for
'a portion of that beauty, she had in such
'redundance; the present (as she thought)
'mistake of *Juliet's* aunt, was very grati-
'fying to her vanity; and so much did it
'please her, that she instantly changed
'the tone of her voice, to as pleasing a ca-
'dence, as a hoarse loud voice could be
'rendered, and observed, she did not won-
'der at her mistake; for she had often
'heard, there was a great resemblance in
'the *contour* of their faces.'

'The *tout ensemble*, you mean,' said
'*Eugene*, seeing she swallowed the bait.
'This last compliment quite enraptured

'the poor simple abbess, and if *Juliet's* 'aunt had been, what the abbess thought 'she was not, (a man) she would that 'instant have sacrificed her *tout ensemble.* 'It is,' said the woman, 'that deliberates 'is lost;' but the poor abbess would 'not have verified this; as she would 'have been lost without deliberation.

'In short, the abbess was so in- 'toxicated with the flattery of this sup- 'posed aunt, that *Eugene* was now 'overpowered as much with her kind- 'ness, as he before had been chilled 'with her incivility. She instantly gave 'her consent for *Juliet* to accompany her 'aunt that very night, and went herself 'to order *Juliet* to be immediately ready. 'On taking leave of the credulous abbess, 'with a promise that *Juliet* should re- 'turn in a few days, they bid adieu to 'the convent; *Juliet* felt no regret but 'that of leaving the amiable *Matilda*; 'but not so much as she would have

'done before *Edwin* had robbed her of a 'considerable share of her friend's affec- 'tion. Yet, though *Matilda*, knew the 'weakness of her friend, she still had 'a great regard for her; but to esteem 'her as she was wont to do, was impossi- 'ble, as virtue alone can command 'esteem. Alas! poor *Juliet*, her virtue, 'of that, *as of a gem long lost, we'll 'think no more.* *Matilda* sighed as she 'kissed her cheek, and *Juliet* held down 'her head and blushed, for she could not 'look her friend in the face, as she felt '*Matilda's* superiority, and a tear, (for 'the first time) stole down her cheeks, 'which much affected her friend, as this 'was the first time she had perceived in '*Juliet* the smallest degree of contrition; 'she then pressed *Juliet* to her bosom, 'and quite forgetting that she had ever 'erred—she cried, 'You must, you will 'be happy!' 'Never, my dear *Matilda*, 'no never; I do not deserve happiness; 'it dwells alone where virtue is, and I

'gave up all claim to the former, when I 'swerved from the latter.' In a flood of 'tears she left her friend.

'Adieu! thou dreary piles! Adieu! 'for ever!' sighed *Juliet*, as she heard the 'large door grate on its hinges; she felt 'more regret than she had any idea she 'should, when she left the monastery to 'go to her beloved *Edwin*. But, indeed, 'we never take a last farewel of any 'place, be it either agreeable or disagree-'able, but we feel a certain something, 'which, if not regret, is something very 'like it; so it was with *Juliet*. The 'convent which she now left, was dear 'to her, because there she had spent her 'youthful days; wheresoever we pass our 'childhood, whether it is in a palace or 'cottage, that place, either high or low, 'is equally dear to us. *Juliet* had a 'thousand fears; like a bird that had 'escaped from its cage, she dreaded each 'sound she heard, and her own voice

'startled her, for the vain foolish abbess
'had kept *Eugene* so long in conversation,
'that it was late before they left the con-
'vent. *Eugene* began to fear lest any
'suspicion should arise from the sudden
'departure of *Juliet*, and that there
'might be many observations on the aunt,
'who had never before been seen at the
'convent; and there might be those who
'would try to put the abbess on her
'guard, on account of the strict injunc-
'tions laid on her, when *Juliet* was first
'put under her charge, not to suffer her
'to leave the convent without particular
'orders from her guardians; from which,
'he feared, the abbess might send to
'*Juliet's* guardians and cause them to be
'pursued; he therefore determined to
'quit *Boulogne* with all possible dispatch,
'and convey his charge to his friend;
'whom he knew was watching each re-
'volving moment, until he should receive
'his adored *Juliet* to his arms; but her
'present situation was what concerned

'*Eugene* most—her hurry in quitting the 'convent, had made her very ill, and she 'being without a female companion, '*Eugene* felt the delicacy of the distress 'she might be in, as much as *Juliet* her-'self. They had driven on above thirty 'miles without once stopping, when *Juliet* 'began to complain of being rather faint; '*Eugene* then ordered the servant to ride 'on, and prepare some refreshment at the 'first inn he should come to.

'When *Juliet* alighted at the inn, and 'had spent some hours there, her spirits 'were recruited, and she was perfectly 'recovered; but her anxiety to get to '*Edwin* was so great, that no persuasions 'of *Eugene* could prevent her from pur-'suing her journey. The landlord then 'began to urge the great danger of the 'roads, by telling her how often passen-'gers were stopped by highwaymen, who 'infested that part of the country, and the 'landlady, without any delicacy, (perceiv-

'ing her situation,) said, '*La Marm!* 'how sorry that young gentleman would 'be, if, through your figary of going to-'night, he was to lose a handsome son 'and heir; for, I am sure it must be 'pretty, if he was like the father and 'mother; for a prettier couple than you 'two, I think I never laid my eyes on.'

'This vulgar rhapsody made *Juliet's* 'colour return, though she before was as 'pale as death; but heeding not all they 'said to her, she entreated *Eugene* to 'order fresh horses to pursue their jour-'ney.

'The inn where they now were, was 'situated on the skirts of a dreary com-'mon, which the landlord told them was 'three miles long, and without any house 'all the way; but our young travellers 'thought this was told merely to deter 'them from proceeding, and they were 'bent on going, for *Juliet* when deter-

'mined on doing any thing, be it what it 'would, was not to be dissuaded, though at- 'tended with more apparent danger than 'was apprehended from this. Not even the 'eloquence of a *Cicero*, could deter her 'from it; much less that of an insignifi- 'cant host and hostess, who could not 'boast much powers of language, unless 'it was, when they extolled their adul- 'terated *vin du puys* as genuine burgundy 'and champaigne.

'They were again seated in the 'carriage—the beautiful *Juliet* in high 'spirits. The wine which *Eugene* had 'given her, and which she had but 'too frequently drank, had enlivened 'her; her ideas wandered to *Edwin;* 'he was absent, but *Eugene* was with 'her, and he had, though from no ill 'design, just in this weak moment of 'her's, (moments which she often had) 'his arm round her waist, his hand held 'her's, and she forgot whom she had with

'her, and thought it was *Edwin;* she 'pressed the hand that held her's, and 'one of the wheels of the carriage unfor- 'tunately going on one side, threw her in 'the arms of *Eugene,* from which she did 'not attempt to disengage herself. What, 'at that moment were the feelings of '*Eugene?* accident had thrown the most 'enchanting woman in the world in his 'arms, where she continued from choice; 'her form, the most exquisite imagination 'could picture,—and that form, from the 'thinness of her drapery, quite as little 'unincumbered as if she was quite un- 'dressed—he felt her hand press his; it 'was dark solitude; night and opportu- 'nity conspired, as it were, her second 'fall from virtue; besides, he knew her 'weakness. And when once a woman 'is known to have fallen, men are too 'apt to think, that to them' *Each man is* '*man, and all the sex is one.* What then 'prevented *Eugene* from taking an ad- 'vantage, and availing himself of this

'easy conquest? It was honor! that 'sacred tie, the law of kings! He felt 'he ought to protect the mistress of his 'friend, and hold her even sacred to him-'self; his high sense of rectitude made 'him resolve never to injure a woman, 'who, probably, from accident, was 'thrown in an instant off her guard. He 'asked himself, How he would have 'wished his friend *Edwin* to have acted, 'was he in the same situation, and *Juliet* 'his intended wife, as she was *Edwin's*. 'This required not a moment's delibera-'tion; and he behaved himself to her, 'as he would have conducted himself to 'his sister. Far from blaming *Juliet*, or 'thinking her culpable, as some, less prin-'cipled men than *Eugene*, would; he 'only attributed her conduct to a too 'great softness and tenderness; and 'thought that a man must have been 'base indeed, to have taken the advan-'tage of it.

'*Juliet*, though she had once erred, 'was far from being a depraved character, 'she loved virtue, and when she had a 'moment's time for reflection, she adored '*Eugene*, for not having plunged her into 'eternal shame and sorrow. She looked 'on him as her guardian angel, never was 'gratitude felt more lively than by her. 'Our travellers were now just got off the 'large wild common, (mentioned by the 'landlord) when they were terrified by 'violent oaths from horsemen, who just 'then rode to the carriage, who with 'menaces, had ordered the postillion to 'stop. On his not heeding what they 'said, several shots were fired through the 'carriage; and the poor luckless *Juliet* 'received one in her temple, which in-'stantly caused her to sink to the bottom 'of the carriage. The horses terrified at 'the repeated firing, ran furiously away, 'and never stopped till they reached a 'turnpike; here *Eugene* first discovered 'what had happened, he only thought she

'had fainted; but what could equal 'his astonishment and grief, when he 'found that a ball had penetrated her 'brain, and had instantly caused her death. 'Not knowing what was best to be done, '*Eugene* more dead than alive, drove to 'the first house he could; the people 'of which, advised him to take refuge in 'flight, for as he could bring no exact 'witness of the manner of *Juliet's* death, 'only the post-boys, whom the court 'would instantly consider as having been 'bribed, as her very advanced pregnancy 'would lead to a supposition that he was 'the murderer: all these circumstances he 'weighed in his mind.'

It is not enough that we know ourselves to be innocent, but there must not be one circumstance to render us even liable to be suspected; for if there is, we live in a world which is governed by appearances, wherein it is only to appear good, to be thought so: yet it is often the case, that those who are to all appearance the most

virtuous—are in reality, the most profligate. If on the contrary, appearances are against us, we are instantly condemned to be the exact person, those appearances make us seem to be. If we are good ourselves, we ought never hastily to condemn others; for there is nothing so little to be depended on as mere appearance. Virtue may appear vice, aud vice virtue. Therefore we ought never, unless we have proof, think harshly of our neighbours. If reader, you are a woman, and a conjecture detrimental to another's honor should be suggested to you, never be ready to join in the calumny, as the sex are too liable to do, as what is said of her to day, may be said of you to-morrow, and with as little truth for its foundation.

Poor *Eugene* from the dread of appearance was forced instantly to quit France, and leave the remains of the ill-fated *Juliet* unburied; though not without leaving strict orders for her interment.

After writing the sad detail to his friend *Edwin*, *Eugene* set off on his voyage; and on his arrival in England, he committed the latter part of this history to paper. He continued his narration from where *Matilda* broke off, which was when *Juliet* left the convent with him. What he said of himself at the conclusion, let not the reader suppose it was from vanity, as it was written only to warn the young and thoughtless. He might have daughters, whom he hoped would take warning from *Juliet*, and shun the dangerous, though perhaps flowery paths that lead to ruin.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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